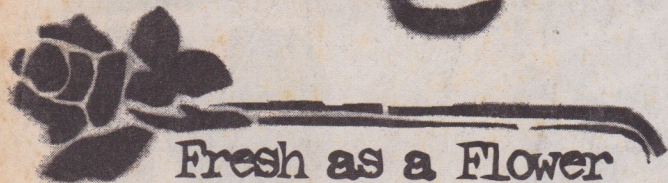


FAN Magazine

FREE
MARCH/APRIL



Featuring:

Will Oldham

Ticks off Matthew Barney

Boredom Busters for Angelenos

Like tossing back a bottle of the ol' Family Disturbance

**Kevin Smith's Ben
Afflecktionate Lately**

Is it love?

THE WAE SHI

are breaking hearts

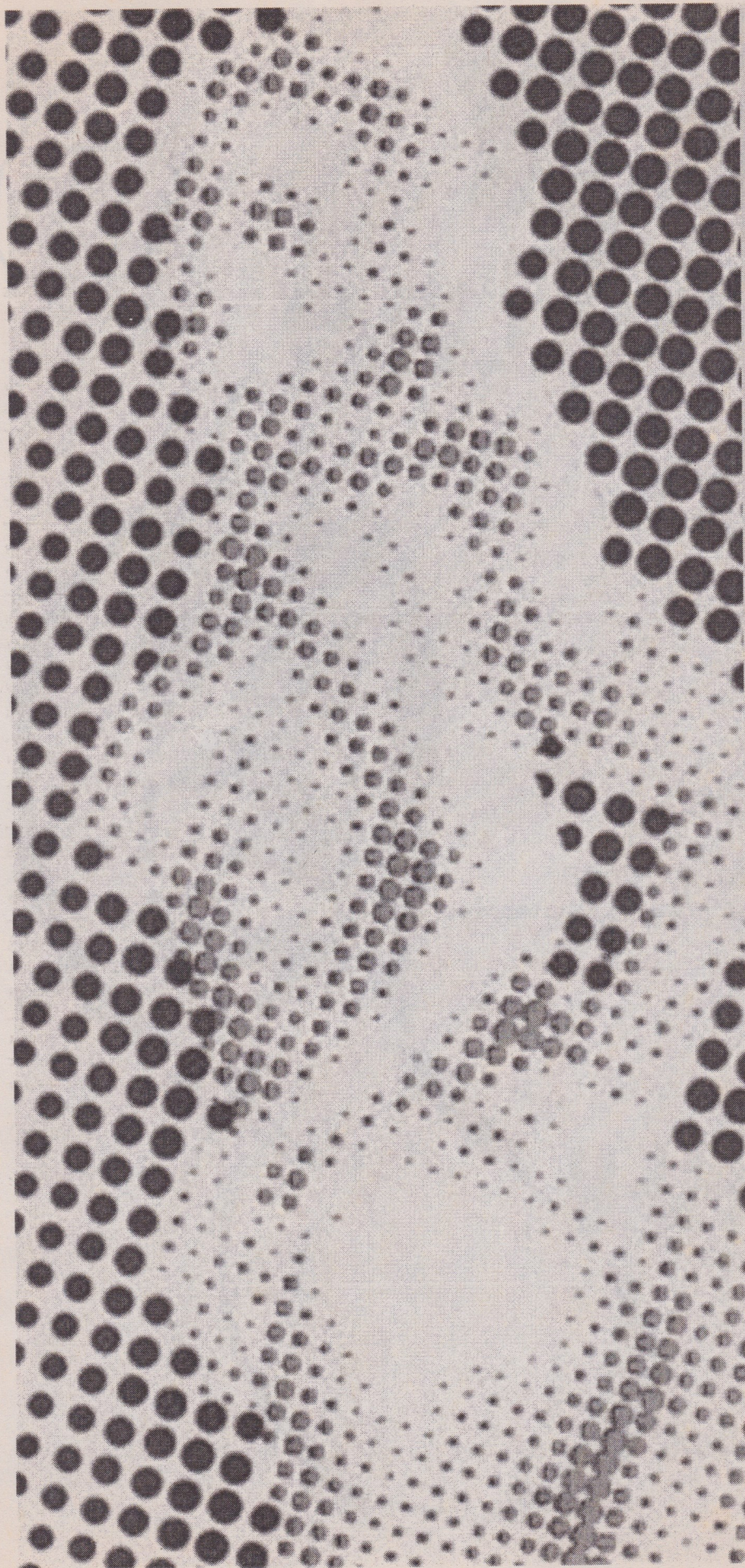
Tyra Mail!

Central City Transmission



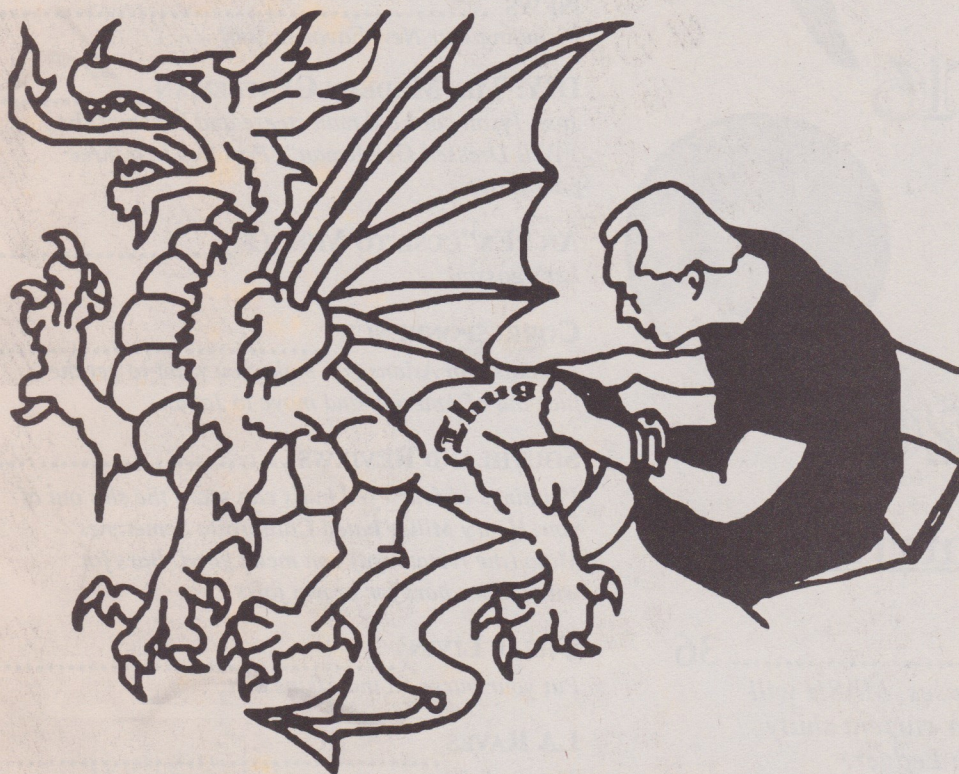
Elysian Clothing

**Sewing strong
in LA since 1999**



Fran Magazine

Volume 2 Issue 2



General Contact

macho@franmagazine.com

www.franmagazine.com

Editors

Andrew Hume
Sam Kuhlmann

Music Director

Mark Douglas

Illustrations

Jean-Paul Garnier,
Geoff Thurber

Director of Woman's Issues

Chockie Tom

Contributing Writers

The Bookhouse Boys, Roy
Bundeaux, Kim Gibbler, Jeremy
Green, Brady Hammes, Jenna
Krystlof, Dean Maresca, Jason
Murphy, Scott Nuno, Keith Orinth,
Ali Rashidi, Jay Riggio, William
Shakespeare, Chockie Tom,
Josh Tyson, Jenni Wu

Contributing Photographers

JimBob Hume, Kim Gibbler,
Adam Klingensmith, Topher

Advertising Sales

Roy Bundeaux
advertising@franmagazine.com

Intern

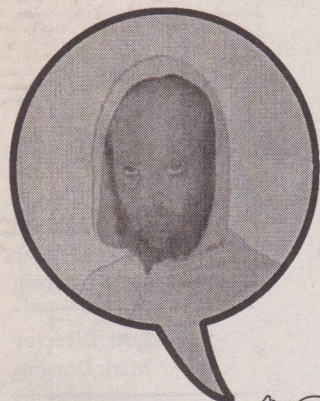
Kim Gibbler
calendar@franmagazine.com
(send her upcoming event info,
she likes to know what's going on)

We're always looking for new writers and artists.

The stencil on the cover is by Jean-Paul Garnier

Fran Magazine (ISSN 1546-0207) Volume 1, Issue 2. *Fran* is published bimonthly. *Fran Magazine*, 511 N. Kenmore, Suite 103, Los Angeles, CA 90004, macho@franmagazine.com. All material copyright, *Fran Magazine*, 2004. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily the opinions of the publishers. Submissions are welcome and should be sent to the address above, accompanied with a SASE if they are to be returned. *Fran* is not responsible for submissions. All letters will be treated as property of the magazine. If you'd like to receive a copy by mail, send \$3 to the address above. (Maybe we'll include a sticker.) We very much do need submissions but please check the guidelines on our website (www.franmagazine.com). Cheese count—A:\$45.85, S:\$30.52.

Contents



43



16



40



26



30

Traveling Minstrels

MASH..... 36

Created by seventh grade geniuses, MASH will make you feel better about your current shitty life. You're gonna marry Heath Ledger.

THE MAE SHI..... 30

Are party music.

GET LAID LIKE MACGYVER..... 36

WILL OLDHAM..... 43

Mentions why he doesn't like to talk about himself.

CENTRAL CITY TRANSMISSION... 36

Val Kilmer's in the band, see photo.

Complainers Throughout

Oohhh, those perennial grouches, the attention-grubbing, shaft-trapped miners have it sooo hard. We're not coming to the press conference, bitches.

Court Jesters

NEWS 8

Including Our New Favorite Stuff

DIY: THE MODERN GENTLEMAN..... 12

Josh Tyson cops old man steeze and becomes the "Well-Dressed Gentleman". Part two in a three part series.

AN "EX" CUSE TO MINGLE 14

Let's gossip!

CORRESPONDENCE 16

Animals and Asians can make you want to get the fuck out of America and move to Japan.

SOUTHLAND REVIEWS 17

Paintings of four-eyed bulls can scare the shit out of you. Henry Miller hated California. Sometimes Malo (the restaurant) can mean good. Bars for white folks, bars for brown folks.

CHEAP LIVIN' 24

Put your purse on the Atkins diet.

LA RAVES 26

The city's best: country music, homo tacos, bicycling, playing MASH and the New Beverly Cinema.

THE DANDER ZONE 37

A column about animals. Sugar gliders are for child scientists and gregarious ravers.

REEL PHALLIC 40

Kevin Smith makes another movie about his biggest crush.

PUZZLER 48

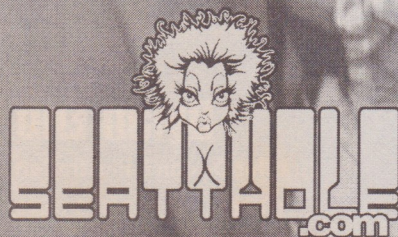
Help wipe slobber from the chins of The Greatest Generation.

MUSIC REVIEWS 49

BOOKHOUSE BOYS 58

World's greatest party band accidentally get philosophical again.

VINYL STICKERS ★ CUSTOM SHIRTS ★ BAND MERCH



HIGH QUALITY, GREAT PRICES, QUICK SERVICE
360.733.2154 ★ INFO@SEATTTHOLE.COM

Grand Theft Autism
Literary Magazine

gtautism@hotmail.com



Portraits (Family/Pets)

Cartooning

Logo Design

Business Cards

Letterheads

Brochure Design

Invitations

Flyers/Door Hangers



Dylan Eno

Graphic Design & Illustration

Direct Line: 303-810-6676

e-mail: dylaneno@aol.com



Intro

This Is a Cry for Help

When I originally planned this introduction up in my mind, it was meant to be all about how the aim of *Fran* is to essentially be a community magazine. Not community in the sense of measured city blocks or a certain political lean or any fixed kind of thinking that the writers and readers would share, but the "community" of the broad definition—community as vague kinship. I wanted to explain how we could be like a once removed friend. We'd be described as, "You know, Ryan's friend; we saw her/him at the bar last weekend. S/he's totally hot/obnoxious/funny/retarded. I think s/he grew up with Carrie or something." We'd notice each other as we walked down the street, but it'd be up to you to nod at *Fran* if you wanted to. Maybe we made an ass out of ourself last time we saw you, and you could choose to pretend you didn't notice us. Maybe we'd hit it off and would stop to chat for awhile.

Unfortunately, I think I've recently realized that I may have been socialized improperly and have a skewed notion of communal interaction. So I'm unqualified to create any vision of publishing utopia.

Up in my mind, the introduction planning went on, however. I was going to explain how I constantly imagine how life will progress (our meeting on the street that I designed, for example). I try to decide how things will go, but often realize that my perception of the future is way fucked compared to others' perceptions—or to what actually does happen in reality. I then have short discussions with myself, in which I either laugh at the mistakes/misunderstandings or repeat, "Fuck fuck. Shit. Idiot," ad-fucking-nauseum. This second intro idea was supposed to be

interesting somehow, like it was a reflection of our shared misunderstandings—we each think differently and must first know how our acquaintances process thought before we can really understand what they're trying to say to us.

Can you imagine 800 words of that shit? It would've been very weird and depressing. It would've been the printed version of making broody eyes at a crush and contemplating Billy Joel-style suicide (too tight tie) when he/she doesn't look back.

All this trying is making the intro all convoluted. The words are bounding about to no end.

And now this intro is about how that's what the magazine is about. We don't really know what the fuck we're doing (but in a fun way). It's not that we aren't talented, are in any way lacking for ideas or have no vision of what we want the mag to be, but that we will be constantly evolving and moving into various directions. We like to learn things. We like to experience things. We like to laugh. I think we like melancholic shit, too, for some reason. We're a mixed bag, but a mixed bag of something like Legos.

I also wanted to write about how hatred tastes sharp like steel, like the accidental pleasure of biting your fork. And how love is actually physically beautiful—that you can see it in a blazing glow of colors.

Let's be friends, guys. Let's all get together in a fluffy green pasture up north somewhere. We'll giggle and tease each other and roll about like wily pups.



Letters

Uneducated Slave

....Talk about an uneducated slave.....the article by Louis Cabanilla sound like it was written by one....."only America teaches it's culpability in school and analyzes what went wrong and why" It must be thinkers like Louis that put Bush in the Whitehouse....Sincerely, De Kerstman (no D you iDiot).

"Alias Books"
via email

The author responds:

I should just like to mention to Mr. Manners that at Erasmus (any British or European school) I've yet to see a black literature course, a course examining slavery, or any such thing. Further I voted Green in the last election, and from the general tone of the letter I should aver the young writer is both a virgin and a neophyte in the world scene, possibly never having left the U.S.

Louis

I'm Going Over the Top

Hey, I just wanted to tell you guys that I got the new FRAN yesterday and I really like it. I've only read up to the "boat renting" article but it's good. You seem to be settling in with your humor style. It doesn't seem as forced or over-the-top-read-me-I'm-outrageous as it sort of was. Loved the intro so much, I think an outro is needed as well. Hell, use the hip-hop record formula and have interludes too. The sailor clipart comic things at the tops of the pages are gold.

Rock,
Jim Mack
via email

The Friendly Thoreauan

Surely you are only barely besieged by a few readers, the implication being that most folk have no idea what Fran Magazine is about. But a few of us do and can commiserate accordingly. For fifteen years I published Angry Thoreauan MagaZine (and wrote for Ben Is Dead,

A fine bawcock that man. A mousehunting bed-swerger, but a fine, fine bawcock. Mmmm mmm.



Do journalism a favor, write FRAN a letter:
macho@franmagazine.com
511 North Kenmore Avenue, Suite 103
Los Angeles, California 90004

Flipside, dishwasher, HitList, Panik, POPsmear, MRR (pre-Tim deathbed) and tonnes of other rags as well as knew every one else that self-published in the US during the 1980s and 1990s) and I know what it is like to put one's pub out there and wonder why the world fails to comprehend one's endeavour. All I can state is: keep yer pecker up. Although I shall soon be meandering via motor vehicle back to New York in either late January or mid-February and may well not be back for some time - or as early as June for the LA Book Expo - your publication is sure to be enjoyed by at least a few folk. At least one can find it in local liquor shoppes! (I found a copy in Cap'n Cork's near my publisicist's apartment where I ampresently ensconsed to finish some work while she is somewhere in Australia.) In the meantime, if you lot put on any related performances
please, do tell.

cheers,
ex-Rev. Randall (Tin-ear)
via email

Check out our kiosk jams.

Crown of Thorns

Beloved,
Calvary greeting in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am known formerly as Mrs Fatima Danbaba now Mrs Mercy Danbaba a widow to the late Sheik who was killed alongside my only son in the Gulf war. I am presently bedridden due to the chronic cancer my body have been hosting for quite a period now but to God be the glory as I am privileged to discover Christ before anything that might come my way. I have decided with in me in appreciation to my redemption, to serve the Lord in whatever

manner I can till the appointed time. I want to sow my widows might in the development and spreading of the gospel around the world and helping the less privilege in the society; The mission which no doubt will be tasking had neccesitated my relocation to Isle of man close to London where I live presently. I believe in my heart that my heart desire through your ministry will befulfilled. If you die says the Lord, keep fit and I will give you the crown of life. Wealth acquisition I have come to agree is vanity upon vanity as the book of Ecclesiastes say. Forward me the activities of your ministry, your projects and the cost of execution and may God bless us all as we work in his vineyard.

Yours in Christ,
Mercy
via email

Damon Packard Interview

Hello Franmagazine folks,
Thanks for the great free magazine. I enjoyed your Damon Packard interview. I was one of the first curators to program REFLECTIONS OF EVIL at DOCUMENTAL (Midnight Special Bookstore's documentary & experimental film & video series) and at 7 DUDLEY CINEMA (www.81x.com/7dudley/cinema), which will be showing Packard's latest THE UNTITLED STAR WARS MOCKUMENTARY on March 17. Please be aware that your Jan/Feb issue listed an incorrect location for Midnight Special. Their new correct address is 1450 2nd Street, Santa Monica, 310-393-2923
www.msbooks.com

via email



Hardly a blusket be she, my milky fellow, but a lightskirt.
A woman borne for days of mirth 'twixt the haystacks.



Dentists Are Still Assholes

"Oooh, this isn't good," they tell you. "Your gums seem to be bleeding." "No, shit, asshole, maybe it's because you're quarrying into them with that floss. Don't blame this shit on me." I had a filling done three months ago, and it still hurts. He didn't give me any anaesthetic because he was using laser technology. And I decided that this would be one of those "tester" moments (in case I'm ever stuck in a collapsed mine with all those **whiney miners** or something) to see just how much torture I could tolerate. It was quite a bit, apparently, "Jeez, I can't believe how far I'm digging into your tooth right now! This is incredible!" Asshole.

Our New Favorite Stuff

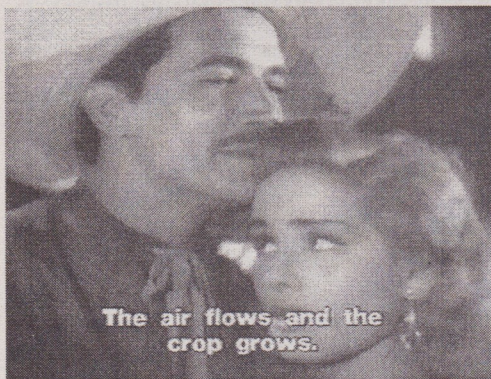
We hope this doesn't come off all pre-tentious or anything. We just like to talk about our favorite stuff a lot.

Website

Girls Are Pretty or

<http://www.girlsarepretty.com>

There, it turned blue and underlined itself; click on it. No, it's paper! This website is amazing—beautifully and hilariously written by New York comedian, Bob Powers. It's damn near genius, frankly: nude diving office picnics, boys singing to themselves in class about the glory of bra straps and women checking they're shit and remembering brownies to help them stay alive. The site assigns each new day a title and lets us know what will happen that day. Here's a short sample: "**Crossbows And Crow's Feet Day!** Today you will join a marauding gang of middle-aged female land pirates and you will lay waste to contained areas of the American midwest using your top-of-the-line crossbows, leaving behind you a trail of blood, theft, and lady-rape (just kind of rub your pussy on folks). Get ready to become the stuff of legend, ladies. Happy Crossbows And Crow's Feet Day!"



Susanna

Movie

Susanna, written and directed by Luis Buñuel

It's one of his many Mexican films made in the 50's. It's about a crazed woman who escapes from prison and finds a nearby ranch. She tells the family that she's run away from her stepfather who sexually abused her, so they agree to let her stay. She then commences to seduce the farm's men. As is Buñuel's wont, the film spurts a constant stream of visual innuendo. In one scene, the father of the house slowly strokes the barrel of his shotgun with a chamois as he stares longingly at Susanna's bosom. In another, a ranch caballero confronts Susanna as she's collecting chicken eggs. He presses against her and one of the eggs breaks. "**You've made me sticky,**" she tells him (or something to that effect). The version we got was pretty poorly translated, so Susanna's always calling the women "lady", instead of "ma'am". "Excuse me lady, when do you want me to wash the floor?" or "Yes, lady, I'll gather eggs." It's pretty funny.

Song

"The Load Out' and 'Stay' Live Medley" by Jackson Browne

The first part of the song is about roadies being under appreciated as they pack up the stage. "...Now roll them cases out and lift them amps/Haul them trusses down and get 'em up them ramps/'Cause

when it comes to moving me/You guys are the champs..." Jackson Browne sounds like a bona fide Rambler with all them "thems" and "'causes". He takes a moment to think about the fans (us), too, "People you've got the power over what we do/You can sit there and wait/Or you can pull us through/Come along, sing the song/You know you can't go wrong..." This sounds like an Adult Contemporary version of Raffi. It's impressive that **Jackson Browne backed Nico on guitar when he was 18**, but he grew up to be a real cheeseball. Everybody cheered when he told the roadies not to pack up his piano until the bus was ready to go because mafucker looooooves to tinkle the ivories. It ends with him singing an impressive falsetto on the "Stay" part. ("Oh won't you staaaay, just a little bit longer.") That's the part we like.

Singer

Sammi Smith

Sammi Smith dropped out of school at 11 and started singing professionally in clubs around the Southwest. She married at 15 and had four children, but she waited until she was 24 to get a divorce and move from Colorado to Nashville to begin cutting records. She became buddies with the Outlaws, and Kristofferson's "Help Me Make it Through the Night" was her first hit. We'd recommend *Sammi Smith Sings Her Best* as a surefire quality purchase. (see "**Toe Tappin' Music**", pg 27)

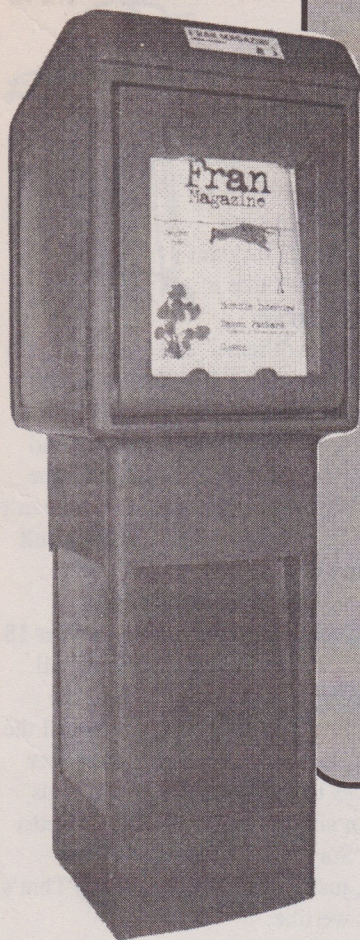


Sammi

Candy

Hot Tamales

Continued on next page...



Our First Kiosk Jam (and miniature street faire)

A kiosk is one of those cabinet-type deals that sit on the sidewalk to dispense newspapers/magazines. We got one at a garage sale in Colorado and decided to put it to use. We filled it with issues of the magazine and had our first kiosk jam on a corner in Silver Lake (at a tiny park with a fountain). It was Spanish-themed, so we listened to Mediterranean disco and Manu Chao and wore t-shirts with photos of either Lorca and Buñuel (posing in an airplane cutout at a fair) or General Franco. Our guests won prizes (like custom man panties), played MASH (see "MASH", page 29), drank kalimotxos (wine and Coke) and enjoyed our trampoline. It was a smashing success, as all decided that it was a glorious day to be living life. We all fuckin yelled real loud, "Awwwwwwwesooooooooome!" and did scissor kicks on the trampoline.

Our next one will be on April 10th in Silverlake at the little park where Griffith Park Blvd. hits Sunset (3600th block).

I think you did. "This moment is like a Simon and Garfunkel album, I shoulda said." Because it's about love. "Because we love each other, Brian. But there's all that confusing shit, too." About love being sad sometimes. "There are single moments of exploding bliss, Brian, I shoulda said." It seems like they end, like when you try to give an opinion on something and don't know what the fuck you're talking about. Or when I take a shit. (I don't know, does that bother you? You always hear stuff about that, but maybe it's not a big deal at all.) "But it continues—those bliss explosion rays can carry light for weeks." Until we wake up and it's cold as shit outside, but we don't have to go anywhere because we got cocoa and blankets.

How To Keep Being Such a Fucking Dork

- 1) Have a last name that loosely rhymes with "faggot".
- 2) Cry when you lose the spelling bee.
- 3) Suck at gym class.
- 4) Get book checked in the hall. Cry.
- 5) Flinch when Dan pretends to punch you.
- 6) Barf during math.
- 7) Cry when you get pickles on your cheeseburger.
- 8) Pretend to be Jerrica Benton, Jem's alter-ego.
- 9) Volunteer to clean Ms. Multra's erasers.

Find the Clit

There's a clitoris hidden somewhere in the magazine (supposedly, am I right, guys?). If you can find it, you're a true Cassanova/Heche.

The first twenty readers to successfully locate the clit will receive a stimulating *Fran* "Sensitive as Fuck" t-shirt. Write to us and mention where you found it: *Fran Magazine Top Notch Lover Contest*, 511 N. Kenmore Ave, Suite 103, Los Angeles, CA 90004 or macho@fran-magazine.com.



More Favorite Stuff...

Juvenile Game

Shooting spitballs at cruel old folks at Denny's

This sounds unnecessarily malicious, but this one lady was ragging on her friend for no reason, telling her she didn't like her any more. Her friend was super

sweet, and everyone else at the table just ignored the mean one—these outbursts happen a lot apparently. So we pulled some A-Team shit and took care of business.

Substitute for Conversation

Pretending to have to pee a lot

"I had a huge Coke at lunch."

Things Are Still Sad Sometimes

"Good thing talking to oneself isn't passé like everything else seems to be these days." Fuck. Did you just say that out loud? Yeah, look back at the quotes;

Things That Might Be Fun To Do

March 19 & 20, *Midnight Cowboy* and *Lenny* at the New Beverly Cinema (7165 W Beverly Blvd)
 March 20, Grievous Angels (Bob Lee from Sexual Vietnam's other band, see *Album Reviews*) at the Kibitz Room (419 N Fairfax Ave)
 March 27, *Coachwhips*, *400 Blows*, *The Mae Shi* at the Smell (247 S. Main St., Downtown)
 March 30, *Year Future*, *400 Blows* at The Troubadour (9081 Santa Monica Blvd, West Hollywood)
 March 30, Fannypack, The Fitness, *Explogasm*, March of the Puma at the Knitting Factory (7021 Hollywood Blvd)
 Every Monday in March, *The Mae Shi* at Silverlake Lounge (2906 Sunset Blvd)
 Every Monday in March, *The Starvations* at The Echo (1822 Sunset Blvd)
 Every Tuesday in March, *Shoot Out the Lights* at El Cid (4212 W Sunset Blvd)
 April 1, *Zombie*, *Zombie*, Child Pornography, Debaser at the Smell (247 S. Main St)
 April 2, MF DOOM, Madlib & J-Rocc as Jaylib, Peanut Butter Wolf, Egon at the Henry Fonda Theatre (6126 Hollywood Blvd)
 April 10, *Buck 65* at The Troubadour (9081 Santa Monica Blvd)
 April 13, Def Jux tour featuring *Murs* at The Troubadour (9081 Santa Monica Blvd, West Hollywood)
 April 16, Mike Stinson at M Bar (1243 Vine St)
 April 16, *Vertigo*, *Midnight* at The Nuart (11272 Santa Monica Blvd, West LA)
 May 10, Mia Doi Todd and *Olivia D'Abo*. (We've never heard her music, but Fran had a serious crush on Olivia D'Abo when she was on *The Wonder Years*. She was super hot, treated Kevin like the little dope that he was, liked to party and was politically rebellious.) She's at the Silverlake Lounge (2906 Sunset Blvd)

Advertise in Fran Magazine

Your business, band or bar can gain valuable exposure to our diverse and substantial (read wealthy) audience by advertising in Fran. We're distributed all over LA and Orange counties, and our rates are low. Help us to help you, eh?

Contact us at **advertising@franmagazine.com** or
323.665.4904 or write us:
511 North Kenmore Avenue, Suite 103
Los Angeles, CA 90004

An electronic media kit and rate card is available at
www.franmagazine.com

advertising@franmagazine.com





Three Pillars of the Modern Gentleman

The Well-Dressed Gentleman

by Josh Tyson

The second article in a DIY Gentleman's Series

Chicago's far North Side is a hotbed of senior citizen activity, which makes it a fashion runway of sorts that rivals those of Paris and Milan in both its scope and its impact on modern dress.

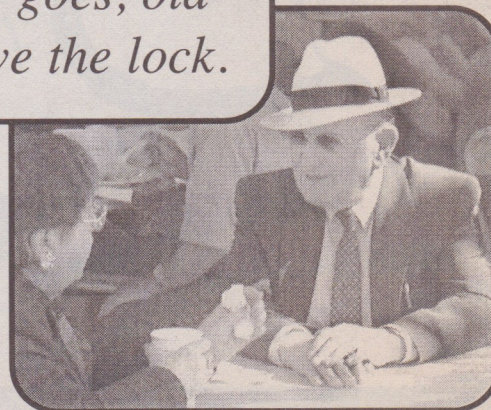
I've got a job these days transporting senior citizens to and from a counseling center in this massive van. I drive all over the North Side, and as far as sharp dressing goes, old men have the lock. They cruise the sidewalks in some of the sharpest poly-blend pants and slickest pearl-snap shirts that you're liable to find anywhere. This job has led me to realize that the style I've long-rocked, and had always chalked up to old Foundation skateboard videos, is actually old-man style. Maybe old-man style is too broad a term to use without a little explanation. I mean thrifty old-man style. Men whose financial lots, in the winter stages of life, have left them only thrift stores and the Marts, K and Wal, as economically viable shopping destinations. These are my fashion icons.

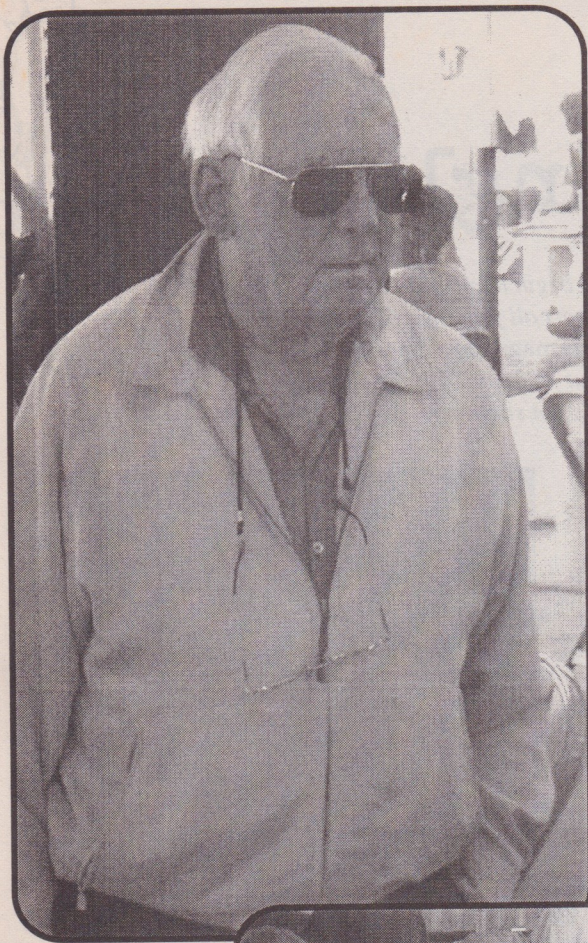
I remember *Tentacles of Destruction* got me interested in Dickies, and from there it was a slippery slope indeed. Strolling around Wal-Mart with two pairs of seventeen dollar work pants draped over my forearm and realizing that I still had enough money for a few pearl snap plaid shirts, some dress socks and new underwear, things slowly snapped into focus. There's a better way. And when you've got your new gear on, there's the amusing realization that the skate shoes on your feet cost more than your entire outfit.

One of my pickups is this guy I call Eddie cause his style is sort of riding the early-nineties flannel-tails of Edward Vedder's. He's usually poured himself into some baggy cargo shorts with either sweatpants on underneath, or his striped socks—once jerked up to his knees, now falling. He often dons a breezy teal tank top and mesh-back hat on top. Balmy-in-Seattle style. On cold days, an aqua colored Members Only jacket zipped up halfway. The white-belts would kill for that jacket. I'm tempted to take him out for drinks at a hipster bar just to watch them squirm in jealous obloquy. Eddie could hold his own in one of those bars. He's pretty old, but he's not turned off to the world



As far as sharp dressing goes, old men have the lock.





of fashion in the least. Just the other day he asked me what I knew about "the gothic people," as we were driving through the teen-angst epicenter of Chicago. He was curious about their habits, their Satan worshiping, their make-up and most importantly, their dress. He thought they were dangerous so I assured him that they were harmless, hyper-morose web-designers with gloomy taste in music and merlot taste in lip gloss. Eddie seemed pleased. Although he and I have never verbally shared fashion tips, as a pair of well-dressed gentlemen, I think that we both scope one another's digs each morning as I open the bus doors for him.

Then there's Donny. I think he's about sixty-eight. He's got the hessian park skater style. Or should I say the hessian park skaters have his. The über blue collar flair with the Dickies rainbow, plaid pearl-snaps and white t-shirts in merry rotation. Donny talks like he's got a fistful of putty in his mouth, and he hand rolls these beefy cigarettes with a sedate, monk-like ease, which he then smokes with a frantic, addict-like fervor. Sometimes when I close my eyes at a stoplight, I can see his old, furrowed brow ease up for a brief moment as he heaves himself into a shrill layback Smith grind in some ancient motel pool. He rides away clean. This pool is in the desert and Donny skates alone, vultures circling over his head. He stops periodically to roll cigarettes and curse the birds, then the light turns green.

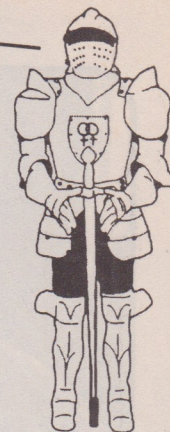
This little Belizean man I drive around, Raymond, has my favorite OMS. Snappy polyester dress pants with decorative short-sleeved dress shirts. He usually wears a camouflage "Trout Fever" mesh-back on his head. I like to think that my old man style falls in between Raymond's and Donny's. Classy, but a little rugged.

These examples of thrifty old man style can easily be achieved for under fifty dollars each. They can also be mixed and matched. Being a well-dressed gentleman is good citizenship, and good citizens shop second hand. The Marts are evil and stuff, but cannot always be avoided. As long as you shop second hand most of the time, you balance out feeding the occasional buck to the corporate plague.

This job also helped me realize that I have a phobia of old people. Their smells, their senility, the way they chew food, weird shit they're always doing with their hands, the penny pinching, it all fell under my umbrella of fear. I didn't fully acknowledge or analyze the phobia until after I'd been offered the job, and at that point I decided that it would be good for me to chill with my trepidation for a while. The problem was, I think I was afraid of getting old. Now I'm more relaxed with the notion of once again wearing diapers and shuffling about looking for my keys. Upshot being, I've already got the wardrobe.



He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.



An "Ex" cuse to Mingle

*Claudia recently broke up with her boyfriend. She came to **Fran** to begin healing and dish some dirt on her ex. She's looking for a special man to make her heart all fluttery and treat her respectfully. Any interested fellows may write her at personals@franmagazine.com explaining why he'd like to take her out, and why she'd like to go with him. Put "Claudia" in the subject line and attach a photo if possible (the magazine's suggestion; she's not shallow).*

So, what happened with you and Art? I totally thought you guys were gonna get married.

Well, we're officially 'taking some time off' right now. I think we both just realized that the relationship was becoming a bit of a bore.

That's too bad. Has it been sad?

Yeah. It's been good, though, too. We still talk quite a bit, but it seems that we're both enjoying this newfound freedom. I mean, it's hard to go from spending every day with someone, to just talking on the phone like once a week, but we're both taking it very well, I think.

No drama at all?

There was at first, but it's been pretty low-key. We both just know that this is best. We sobbed a little, but it's more like homesickness than lovesickness. We both miss the continuity more than anything.

That's not very exciting. This sounds more 'going our separate ways' than 'breaking up' at all. 'Going our separate ways' is for boring, emotionally sound people, like Liz Phair 2000. We want our fucked up, but decidedly interesting, too scared to go onstage girl back. So, why don't you have Sheryl Crow pull her Sebring convertible off Santa Monica Boulevard to a Greyhound station, and you catch the next bus back to Chicago and fucking tear us a new b-hole for not understanding what you're going through or whatever?
Huh?

Nevermind. Didn't you guys fight at all?

Yeah, but it wasn't anything too exciting. Bored couples stuff about what movie to watch or, like, whose friends were more boring.

Did you ever come to any conclusion with the boring friends fights?

(laughs) Oh, I don't know if we ever really fought about that. We have a lot of mutual friends.

Tell us something that'll embarrass Art.

He still has his Gloworm from when he was a kid.



Claudia lives in Glendale and currently works as a set painter (she's not psyched about it). She likes thunderstorms, pastel crayons, Julie Delpy and peanut butter M&Ms. She's never been to Canada but has heard great things about Vancouver. She's 25.

What's that?

It's one of those dolls that shaped like a big, cute worm. And it glows when you hug it.

Is that so weird? Lots of people are into that childhood nostalgia stuff.

He still calls it Aberdeen. And he cleans it pretty frequently.

Huh. So, is there any hope that you'll get back together?

Maybe. We'll see. We still care for each other a lot. We're pretty much off now, but we're going to give it a couple of months and then talk about it.

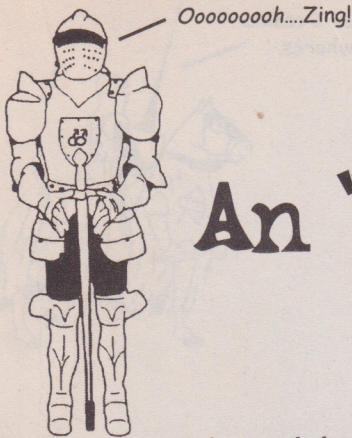
But you're free to see other people?

Yeah. I actually told him I was planning to do this interview. And he wasn't psyched about it, but he's okay with it.

What're you looking for in a man?

I like passionate guys. Not necessarily sexually passionate...I mean, I like that, too. (laughs) But I like guys that enjoy themselves and are into really discovering things—that like to do lots of things.

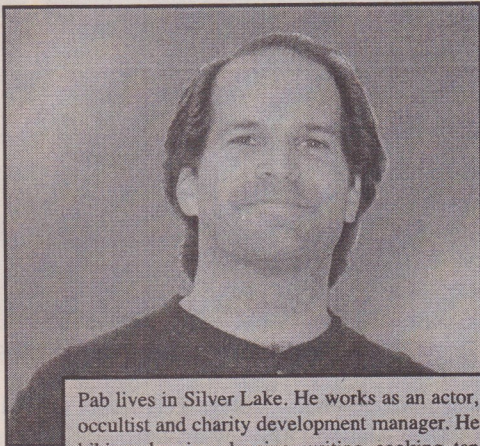
If you or a friend have recently gotten out of a relationship and would like to find someone that shares your deep love of The Smiths (or whatever), write to the address above, and we'll find you a date.



An "Ex" cuse to Mingle,

! Dude Zone !

Pab recently broke up with his girlfriend. This is the same interview/column as the facing page, but he's a man looking for a woman. Any interested ladies may write to him at personals@franmagazine.com. Explain why you'd like to go out with him. We realize that emails are impersonal, so you might want to toss some emoticons up in there. Put "Pab" in the subject line and attach a photo, if possible (the magazine's suggestion, he's not shallow). The interview was conducted via email.



Pab lives in Silver Lake. He works as an actor, occultist and charity development manager. He likes hiking, drawing, dancing, writing, cooking, tantric yoga and Chris de Vore. He wanted to be a bumble-bee as a child and generally doesn't snack. He's 35.

working productively at her day job). I defer to your expertise; clearly, there is nothing funny about ridiculing the insane.

I think I had a misperception of the column; I had thought it was more about "train-wreck" relationships than ridicule. If I have wasted your time and energy, I apologize.

Well, I think you may have just redeemed yourself. You certainly seem to be a sweet and intelligent man. Do you give great back rubs?

Are you coming on to me?!?!? Heh. In fact, I DO give great back rubs, despite the fact that announcing such now shifts the "ridicule" in my direction ;). My historical challenge has been this: Most USA women feel a certain obligation to announce that they value honesty, sensitivity and communicativeness in men. Here in the "third" millennium, it seems that, for women, it is de rigueur to publicly espouse such virtues as being both sexy and comforting in men. LIES!!! No woman wants a sensitive and communicative man. Take it from one. Butch up, fellas.

Tell me something that'll embarrass Veronica.

She described her head as having a microchip inside of it. With this chip, she could apparently "switch on and off" her feelings of affection and love. When she dumped me, she announced it by saying: "I've switched the chip."

Do you think this interview will get you a lot of dates?

Nope. Go on: prove me wrong! That would be pleasant.

What're you looking for in a woman?

Honesty, wit, compassion, sensuality, intelligence, creativity, energy, talent, open-mindedness, enthusiasm, imagination, libido, positivity, communicativeness, beauty, curiosity, fitness and eroticism. Just a LITTLE picky, eh?

I totally thought you and Veronica (name changed) were going to get married, what happened?

She dumped me during a psychological breakdown (hers, thank you very much), part of which apparently included her deciding that I am Lucifer Incarnate.

How nutty did she get through this breakdown?

Well, frankly, she got quite insane, not "nutty" so much; I'm afraid that there may not be a joke here: she is very ill, with schizophrenic manifestations. I knew this when I started dating her, of course, so whose fault is it really? Lesson learned.

Oh shit, man. We're supposed to be making fun of this girl. Now I feel bad. Has she been diagnosed as schizophrenic?

Yeah, it has occurred to me that perhaps my personal case is inappropriate; I had decided that the fact that she thinks that I am Satan Incarnate is funny (which, frankly, it kinda is). However, there is obviously nothing funny about her illness (she WAS diagnosed. As far as I know, she is still in analysis and

Correspondence

Damnit! Where are my keys? I coulda sword I put 'em here somewheres.



A Letter From Jenni Wu

A Moist Trailer Drove Jenni to Japan

Dear Andrew—

I swear that I'm getting dumber and dumber by the day, which means that I'm probably three or four months dumber than I was when began our correspondence. Additionally, I'm tired. V-e-r-y tired. Have you ever read *Dune*? If so, you know all about "terrible purpose". We all have terrible purposes, Andrew Hume, and mine remains unfulfilled.

There have been innumerable problems hindering the completion of this article. Some have been technical (computer crashing, *Law and Order: SVU* on all day, every day) and some have been personal (too depressed about having graduated from college to get out of bed, too terrified of Jim's cat to leave Jim's bedroom). However, given your failure to pay me in anything but t-shirts and your oft-mentioned zealous love of alcoholic beverages, I suspect that both your ethical standards and your journalistic integrity are low, verging on nonexistent. Hence, I have given myself complete leeway to forego my vague assignment (A bittersweet tragicomedy about renting a trailer from two gay men named Budd and Donovan, who deal in used RVs, marijuana, and amateur interior design schemes. About taking the bus to work at 5 in the morning for the sole purpose of unpackaging lower-luxury items made by Asian children who are both skinnier AND cuter than me. About not staring at every Asian-American bitch with a Louis Vuitton purse who came to voice her singular demand: "YOU GOT SHIRT? SIZE X-S!") About going to work unshowered due to burst water pipes and smelling vaguely of mildew. About not having hot water, even once the pipes were fixed. About not having heat and barely having electricity. About how my boyfriend bought me the wrong kind of Chanel perfume for Christmas. About how I had to take his Prada wallet back to Saks and exchange it because "the leather wasn't quite right" on the first one. About...well, you get the picture.) in lieu of something more interesting and important.



Model recreation. Photo by JimBob Hume

Once, I saw a dead cat on the sidewalk. Another time, I saw a bird that had been smashed into my driveway during a mild Iowa tornado. On Valentine's Day, I saw two birds picking at the innards of an ambiguously specied animal. Dead animals are everywhere, stalling human progress, making humans incapable of walking freely without fear, reminding us that we are not alone on this planet. Living animals are equally omnipresent, eating babies when no one's looking, shitting where they're not supposed to and worst of all, dying. Animals think that they're better than humans. They are constantly immersed in their bad intentions, but since they're animals we have no idea what they're plotting. They're just waiting. Waiting to die.

I, too, am just waiting to die (which is entirely different than "Living to Die"). I finally caved and got Chanel glasses. My eyesight is failing, and I am no longer perfect—I have admitted my mortal weakness. So, to compensate for this blow to my self-esteem, I'm moving to Japan where I will be taller than average, and where all of the animals have been replaced by robots.

But first, I'm going back to Iowa. The West Coast is for suckers—SUCKER.

xoxo
Jenni Wu



Art

Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.



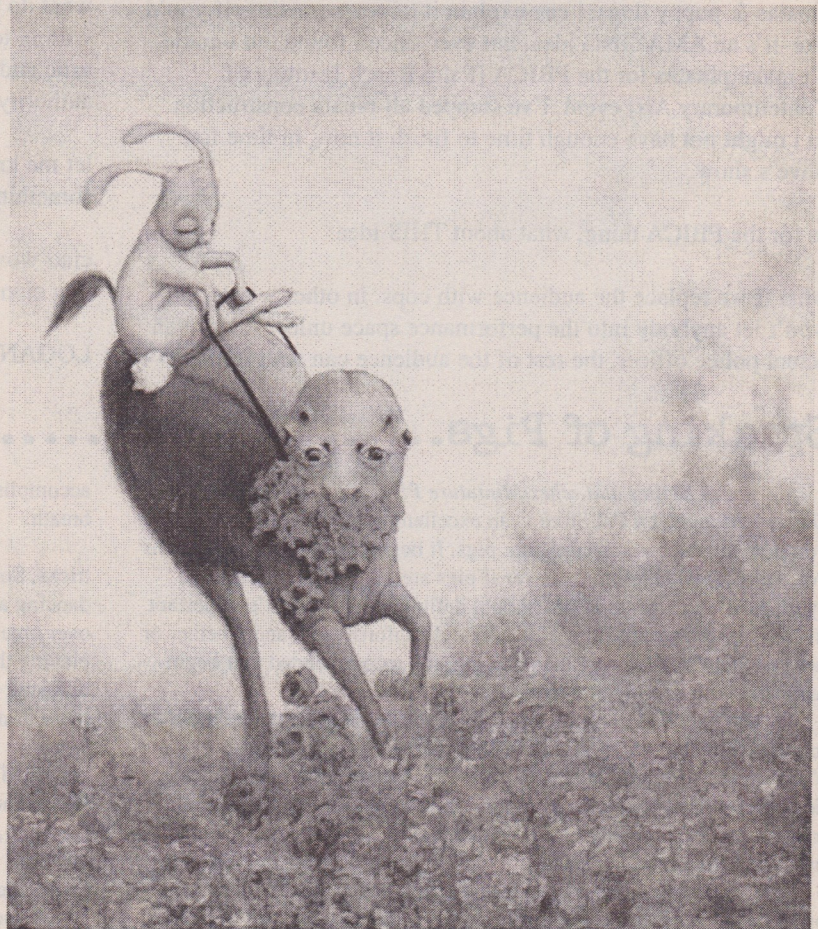
A Nerveracking Menagerie

Jessie Fisher's "Bunny on Bull"

by Dean Maresca

I get nervous whenever I visit zoos. I guess I worry that I'll accidentally fall over the 10-foot tall fence and into the moat that separates me from the exhibits, anger the tigers, and next thing I'll know my arms are chewed off. This is not a bad kind of nervous, though. I completely understand the physical impossibility of that danger. The irrational fear actually fuels an exhilarating rush.

I was watching art the other day and a similar anxious wave surfaced. The Oulous Repair Shop art gallery (945 Chung King Rd., Chinatown, (213) 626-1984) was showing a Jessie Fisher painting, *Bunny on Bull* (46x54", 2003), of an odd little bunny sitting on the back of an even odder-looking bull. I remember walking through the gallery and trying not to make eye contact with Ms Fisher's painting. I looked at the floor, at the other paintings and at my friends, all the while stealing glances at *Bunny on Bull* as if it were an ex-girlfriend that I'd happened upon while she was on a date with Scott Baio. I was uneasy and my heart rate jumped up. The deformed elk-like creature in Ms Fisher's painting was staring at me; no matter where I stood, I just couldn't get away!



Bunny on Bull 46x54", 2003, Jessie Fisher

That bull was damn intriguing as it galloped through its Impressionistic field of flowers. A mouthful of bright red roses dripped from its maw like foam from a rabid dog. Its two sets of eyes—the front pair yellow and intense—glowered out at me. The figures are very realistically rendered, even though they don't exist in any universal reality. The bull charged at me while I looked at it. It reminded me of the moment when a beautiful dream turns on the dreamer. I know that this painting couldn't really attack me, but that edgy feeling I got while looking at it was invigorating.

My sister hates zoos. Once she dangled her foot through the rhino fence, her shoe fell off and she cried. But I think even she would enjoy *Bunny on Bull* as long as she remembered to tie her shoes. I think I'll try and take her to the Oulous Repair Shop in May, when Jessie Fisher will have a solo show there. Check out the website for upcoming info: www.oulous.com.



Enjoying Art Though a Moustache and Aviators

We bag on Florida all the time because it's one of the few places that have blonder and blander folk than here in California. But just like those eternally boring shaft-trapped miners, sometimes the FLA will surprise. The following is from an email a friend forwarded to me. For the record, I think it's really obnoxious when people don't capitalize sentences and proper nouns, but for some reason it seems to be hip among blogging circles these days. However, I think this guy's idea is a brilliant one. He's apparently permanently manic, always bursting in with a mouthful of ideas, and he carries a silver briefcase with him everywhere.

selfick,

thanks for your email. tell me more about steve's art show.

the next pinata project i want to do involves large heart-shaped pinatas & puppy dogs. i can explain it to you sometime if you'd like—it's an AMAZING idea. but ever since i found out i couldn't make pinatas for the PBICA [Palm Beach Institute of Contemporary Art] event, i've stopped all pinata construction. so i might not have enough time to finish it now, in time for steve's show.

as for the PBICA thing, what about THIS idea:

what if we replace the audience with cops. in other words, we won't let anybody into the performance space unless they're an actual police officer. the rest of the audience can wait in the

lobby & LISTEN to the performance. when the dance is over, the cops will come back to the lobby, stand at a podium, & describe the performance (or give their judgment of it). in other words, the only picture that anybody will have of the actual performance will be whatever these authority figures tell them (or don't tell them) about the experience.

people are already used to experiencing events secondhand, thru the distorted filter of police descriptions. they are so used to experiencing events in this way that they take it for granted, they don't question it—they don't even notice it. our art action will force people to question this mode of experience, to reevaluate their dependence on police as the sole source of their information.

what do you think? would that fit the theme? and would you be willing to forego the joy of performing in front of a big enthusiastic audience, for the sake of communicating something about authority and control?

let me know. if this idea is NOT acceptable, i'll come up with something more appropriate.

ciao-wow-wow.

dog ciao.

LOGAN

Speaking of Pigs.....

Pot Bellies and other Miniature Pigs: A Complete Pet Owner's Manual, by Pat Store is an excellent book because it teaches you how to take care of miniature pigs. It begins with twenty questions you must ask yourself to discover if pigs are for you. If you answer "yes" to all of them, then you should definitely buy one. It's important to consider temperament, sex, health and conformation, and whether or not you want to buy more than one pig. It's recommended that beginners start with one pig and make sure they really like it.

One good thing I learned from this book is that there are a ton of different kinds of pigs, like Vietnamese, Juliana, African Pygmy, Yucatan, and Ossabaw Island. No one is better than the other; it just depends on what you're looking for. I'm looking for one I can teach tricks to; so I'd probably buy a Vietnamese. But if you want a show pig, you better get a Yucatan.

Once you find the perfect pig, you better make sure to pig-proof your house, otherwise you're in for some trouble. Pigs are curious like babies, so you have to hide things like poison, knives, electric plugs and tacks. House training your pig takes a little while, so it's important to have patience and not yell at your pig. Pigs are also shy like young boys and so you have to be gentle when introducing the pig to its new home. About this, the book says, "Do not make direct eye contact with the pig at this point. If you can touch the pig, scratch its chest and side with a gentle touch. Continue offering treats and scratching."

If you have to leave the house, it's recommended you find a pig-sitter, but if you really can't, then sometimes it's okay to take it with you, but you'll have to build a ramp for it. When your pig gets older you won't need to use the ramp because it will just hop in the car like a dog. If your pig learns to do this, you should praise it for its

accomplishment and let it rest because it will probably be out of breath.

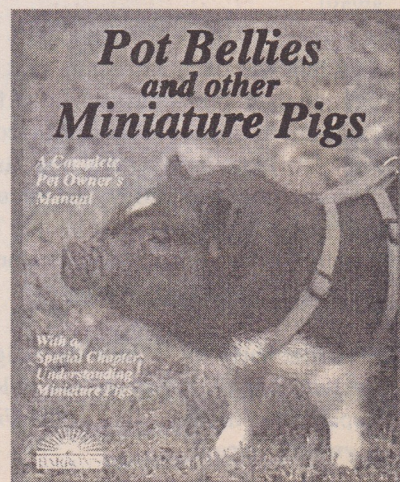
My personal favorite was the section about teaching your pig tricks. Some basic beginner tricks are things like sitting, kneeling, dancing and climbing stairs. More advanced tricks include jumping over objects, jumping through hoops, "The Shell Game" and even playing the piano or cash register. Just don't get too excited and think that your pig is automatically going to know how to play instruments; these things take time.

The book ends with a section on tattooing and naming your pet pig. There are three ways to name your pig: pig theme, celebrity theme and miscellaneous theme. Some good pig-themed names are Olympig, Piggy Sue, Pignay-shus and Pig-o-my-heart. Celebrity-themed names include: Merle Hoggard, Gloria Vandergilt, and Sir Thomas Bacon. However, when I get my pig, I'm naming it Cary Grunt.

In conclusion, this is a great book with sweet pictures.

The End

—Brady Hammes



Giveth me thine plumpy pillicock, sir! 'Tis a grande pizzle that one! Have hope that I need not perforce myself on thee, for I'm desirous to be quickened just now.



Miller's Crossing

When Henry Miller Learned to Stop Nailing Whores and Start Hating California

by Andrew Hume



Henry Miller

The purpose of this column will be to report on books that somehow relate to Southern California and Los Angeles. So, then, all the books will be about the genius of our greatest American poet, Jim Morrison! The hottest poet ever! My God, just think about that soft hair brushing against your taut nipples, as he whispers vomit-scented nothings into your ear: "You are a burro(w)-mouthed mistress, erupting profane into the carousel of our lust...Blaspheme.....
Blassssspheeeeeeeeme.....BLASPHEMY.....
.....BLASPHEME ME!"

No, I'm kidding. Dude wrote some good songs, but if you're on acid all the time, pretty much anyone's profound.

This first column is actually about Henry Miller's 1945 book, *Air-Conditioned Nightmare*. Now some may argue, after my attack on one that I deem to be a low talent, that Henry Miller is hardly more of an outstanding ability among American letters. Some people don't like Henry Miller, don't think his work is worthy of the title *Literature* at all.

Well, I just wanted to make fun of Jim Morrison. And *Air-Conditioned Nightmare* makes nary a mention of whores. Does that sweeten it up for you?

Henry Miller left Paris, where he'd been living for years, when the war broke out in 1940. He took a year sabbatical in Greece hoping that things would get better. When they didn't, he decided to return to the US, travel it by car and write a book. *Air-Conditioned Nightmare* is essentially about his search for the artist's life among the greed and sightless determination of American values.

While he did find some hope in the Louisiana swamps and the Arizona deserts, and in the works and lives of people like the composer, Edgar Varese; painters, John Marin and Hilaire Hiler; and an excited young writer, known to us only as Dudley, Mr Miller's trip was generally a depressing one. Mr Miller begins the book with his trepidatious return to New York. He assails the US for its lack of interest in artistic endeavors. He's spot on, and it's amazing how accurate his commentary still is today. He's angry that many of his contemporaries have sold out to commercial art or Hollywood. He laments the swift passing of American relevance:

"Try to think of the life the Indians once led here when you are on a lake, a mountain or river bearing the names we borrowed from them. Try to think of the dreams of the Spaniards when you are motoring over the old Spanish Trail. Walk around in the old French Quarter of New Orleans and try to reconstruct the life that once this city knew. Less than a hundred years has elapsed since this jewel of America faded out. It seems more like a thousand. Everything that was of beauty, significance and promise has been destroyed and buried in the avalanche of false progress. In the thousand years of almost incessant war Europe has not lost what we have lost in a hundred years of 'peace and progress'."

Mr Miller's rightfully angry about horseshit American ideals, I think. He becomes irritated speaking of the plight of America's forgotten poor. Despite the valiant attempts of Roosevelt's New Deal and Johnson's Great Society, little change has been permanent. Americans are as unconcerned about each other now as ever. We stab our brother in the back, only to pull out the binoculars and look over his slumped shoulders with feigned concern for "those poor children" thousands of miles away.

Continued on next page...

HENRY MILLER

THE AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARE



Continued from last page...

Despite the fact that it's dedicated to Margaret and Gilbert Neiman of Bunker Hill, *Air-Conditioned Nightmare* actually has very little to do with Los Angeles (sorry, I was misguided when I chose this one). Mr Miller stops in Burbank, though, where it becomes apparent that he thinks very little of Southern California: "The real California began to make itself felt. I wanted to puke. But you have to get a permit to vomit in public." The only other real mention of the Southland comes from his chapter, "Soirée in Hollywood", in which he mainly expresses his disgust with the company. He dismisses them as a bunch of old bourgeois drunks and dismisses himself from the party to walk through the hills and contemplate LA's slow destruction of human morality.

Although the book itself deals little with California, it apparently had a large impact on the 1950's bohemian culture of Los Angeles. And is one that seems to be very relevant to America's current state of affairs:

"It has become so to-day that when you see the [American] flag boldly and proudly displayed you smell a rat somewhere. The flag has become a cloak to hide iniquity. We have two American flags always: one for the rich and one for the poor. When the rich fly it it means that things are under control; when the poor fly it it means danger, revolution, anarchy."



Citrus Elephant

Your guests will never forget this delightful pachyderm.

This garnish can be made from any citrus fruit: lemons, limes, oranges, or grapefruits.

To make the tail cut a V just above the stem end of the fruit.

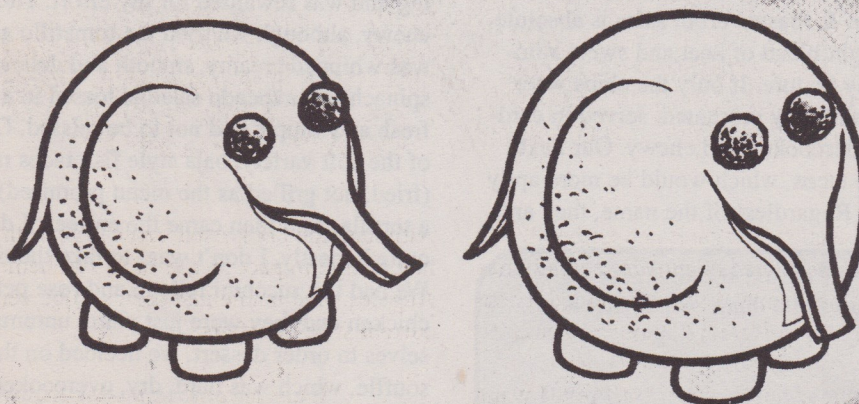
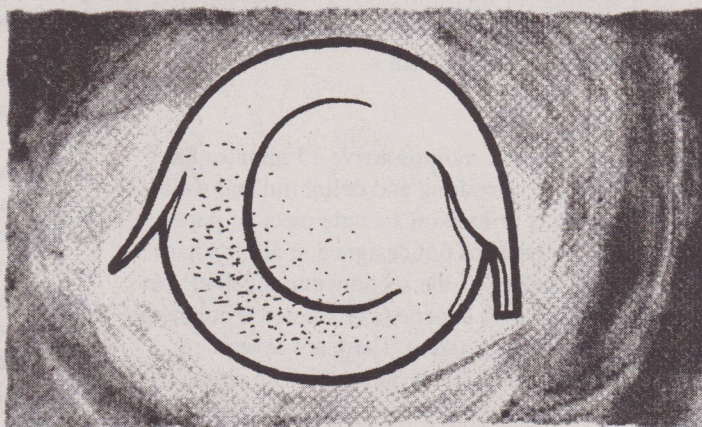
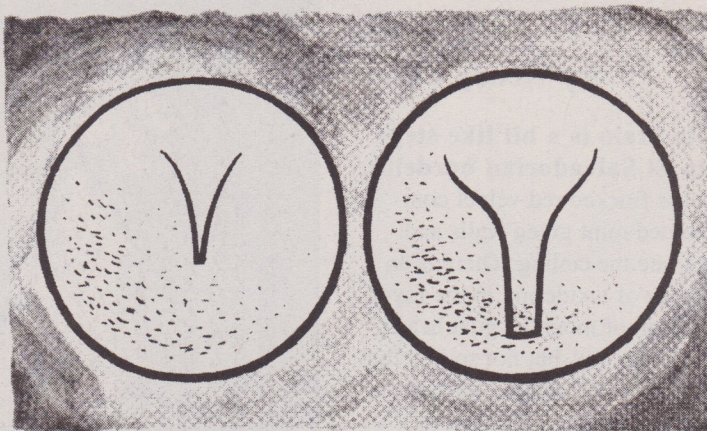
Carve a Y at the other end to make the trunk.

Use a knife to raise the skin from the fruit without detaching it.

The ears of the elephant are made by making partial slices on the sides of the fruit towards the trunk end.

Pull the skin away from the fruit without pulling it off.

Attach gumdrops or marshmallows with toothpicks to make the feet and eyes.



Restaurant Review

Over Mastication at Malo

Come Prepared to Chew

by Wendy Evans

Walking into Malo is a bit like stepping into an El Salvadorian bordello.

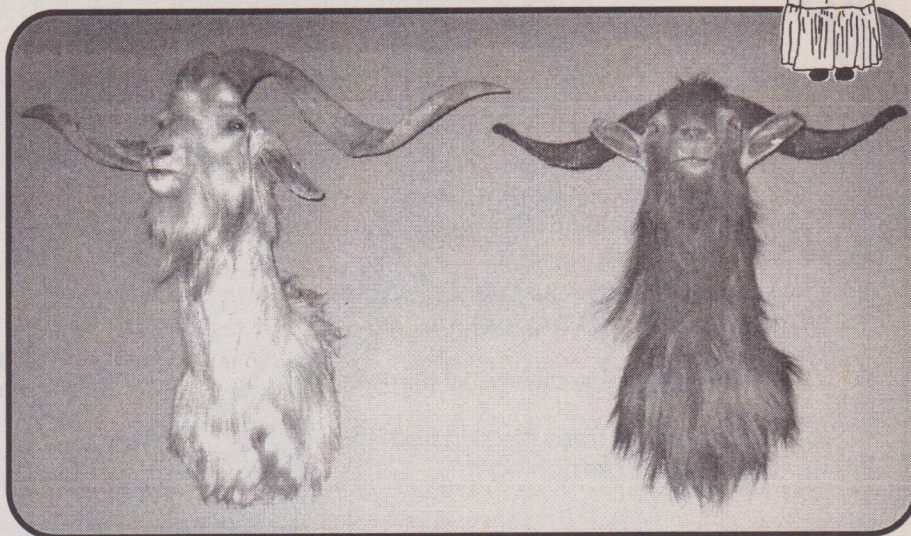
The wallpaper is flocked red velvet combined with painted mint green walls and exposed pipes line the ceiling. There is an unsettling display of taxidermy in the foyer, mainly in the form of mounted goat heads. The lighting is nice, low, but not so low that you can't see your food, and the music is a bit too loud and strange. A harem of hipsters hangout, as if waiting for their turn upstairs. The overall feeling you get is that someone is trying really hard to establish a "we don't give a fuck" attitude.

The service is slow to start. Our mojitos arrive 15 minutes after we order them, but they are refreshing and delightful and well worth the wait. The menu is printed on a single piece of paper that is poorly designed, or perhaps not designed at all. It's hard to read, the font is small and all of the sections run together. We choose the handmade chips with chocolate & roasted arbol salsa as well as mixed ceviche for appetizers. There are several tempting salsa options, including burnt habanero with crème fraiche and tomatillo and avocado. The ceviche, with octopus, fish and shrimp, is the best I've ever had. It has a fresh, limey flavor and bits of crisp cucumber that perfectly compliment the mixed seafood. The chocolate & roasted arbol salsa is absolutely delicious. It has just the right blend of heat and sweet combined with a thick and creamy texture. If only the chips were worthy of it. They're disappointingly presented, served in cardboard paper boats and are undercooked and chewy. Our next course is eggplant and potato tacos, which would be more aptly described as taquitos grande. Regardless of the name, they are

I learned many things on my second visit and have devised a list of rules for a successful dining experience at Malo...

- 1) Stop after the tacos, do not proceed to the entrees or desserts.
- 2) Eat in the bar, it's more fun (yes, a little louder), but the expectations are lower and you are therefore not disappointed, unless of course you disregard rule #1. Also there is a juke box, which is a fun option (and explains the weird music in the dining room).
- 3) If you want crispy chips, you must order them that way, (according to our server, the chewy chips are intentional).
- 4) Everything tastes better after a mojito (or two).
- 5) Malo is not a bordello.

Mine yeasty, beslubbering clothole shall eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow thy sword like a creamed-faced loon.



El Salvadorian Whores

an ingenious combination and topped with crème fraiche and a side of guacamole slaw.

My second mojito arrives sans sugar; it's a bit tart, but still tasty. I have ordered the lobster tail diablo, which has promised to be prepared in a garlic habanero and crème sauce. The lobster is so overcooked that I have to saw through it with a steak knife and the only noticeable flavor is overwhelming habanero. It made my jaw hurt. All entrees are served a la carte and we order the "beans de la yola" as a side dish. They're fine, uninspiring, but at least they don't require much mastication.

Believe it or not, I actually went back to Malo for a second tasting and was rewarded for my effort. The chips were again chewy, although we tried the tomatillo and avocado salsa which was whipped creamy, smooth and delicious. The shrimp, spinach and avocado salad is tossed in a lime mint dressing. It's fresh and simple and not to be missed. Our taco selection was of the soft variety, baja style fish tacos made with mahi mahi (fried, not grilled as the menu promised) and were perfection in a tortilla. And then came the entrees; I don't know what to say; quite honestly, I don't want to take the time to form the words. We had the zucchini relleno and rose petal & chocolate grilled chicken and they were just plain, unremarkable. Forcing ourselves to order dessert, we decided on the Mexican chocolate soufflé, which was hard, dry, overcooked and tasted like a week-old Pillsbury brownie. We did have a nostalgic moment while remembering the cakes we'd made in the our Easy Bake Ovens—my friend was offended by the comparison to our pathetic excuse for a dessert, "Hey, my Easy Bake cakes were a hell of a lot better than this!"

Malo (4326 West Sunset Blvd, (323) 664-1011) Dinner for 2 = \$40 (w/out drinks)



Bar Reviews

I'm beef-witted.



Shortstop, 1455 W. Sunset, Echo Park, (213) 482-4942

Shortstop is a pretty popular bar. But it's nice that it's not any kind of scene inside. You're not wading through haltered falsies or worried if your new Saucony's are pastel enough. There are a variety of people inside, which is somewhat of a rarity in Los Angeles. It has a bit of a neighborhood vibe, but I think people probably drive there from other places, too. It's just a normal goddam bar with a decent jukebox that's built for fun. It has the friendliest bouncer this side of Care-a-Lot and Forest of Feelings (the two municipalities of the Kingdom Of Caring), just don't talk loud out front because you'll wake the neighbors. The people are usually friendly and the music's not too loud to talk to them. You can even sit down and chat: at the bar, in the game room, in the room with all the cozy booths, or join your new friends out back for a smoke. Make out with them there. And when you lean in for the kiss, lead with the tongue. I swear it doesn't look clumsy. It looks like *party*. You could make out in the photo booth, too, but that stinks of concealed exhibition. They have dollar PBR's every day until 8 o'clock (drink specials, another rarity). I called and asked the bartender if she'd be mad if I barfed on the bar. Her response was affirmative, "You wouldn't be allowed to come back." This is understandable because they don't have pink janitor's dust so it would smell, and we all know that barf begets barf.

-Krystlof

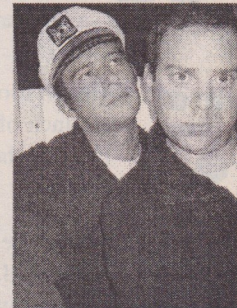
One Eye Jack, 3977 Beverly Blvd, Los Angeles, (323) 669-9302

One Eye Jack is basically your typical Eastside Hispanic bar. There's a red curtain over the entrance, the jukebox is super loud and the patrons are lounging heavy-sprawled out in booths and shooting slow motion pool. I love going to these places because the people are generally really excited to see white folks in their bar. It becomes some booze-lubed cultural exchange program: "What's your favorite kind of beer?" one guy asked me. "Budweiser." "Heyyyyy, me too!" We ended up hugging before I left (en serio).

This place makes me wish I weren't part of the bored white man's America. I work in an office, am frequently overcome by the intensity of large produce (grapefruit is huuuuuuge!) and like skinny girls with clever shoes and tiny nipples. When all I want is to hang out with my buddies (after a hard day of work), eat wrinkly Mexican pears and scheme on firmly plump Latinas.

The last time I was at this place, I was on mushrooms. I had a really confusing conversation about tequila with a guy outside. I don't know shit about tequila, but I imagined I did and managed to draw out the little tequila information I have into five minutes of stuttering: "Bl...bl...bl...blue...aaaah-gaaaaahvay," etc. My brother was visiting from out of town, and he was convinced, alternately, that the place was full of male prostitutes, full of glue sniffers or somehow conspiring against us, as they took an *excrutiatingly* long time to put beer away into the refrigerators. "Look at 'em! Jeeesus! What are they doing? They're *still* putting that beer away. What is *going on*?" Then some homeless dude came by trying to sell a broken mirror and a cordless phone with no base. Luckily none of us got sucked into the mirror, cause we would've had to sleep outside.

-Hume





Put Your Purse on the Atkins Diet

by Miss Chockie

There are two things that I hate passionately in life, one, having a crappy job and, two, spending what little cash I get from my job on overpriced things, even if I really, really, really need them. This is my column about how not to spend too much cash and all sorts of free and very cheap ways to feed, intoxicate and entertain you.

This month we're going to look into one of the most important things that we need: Food, the staple of human existence. Please enjoy this list of practices that I have gathered from fellow starving students and other broke folks.

S Another friend claims that mystery goulash is the key to frugality. It consists of simply tossing everything from the fridge into a pot. With enough spices, no one really has to know what they're eating.

9 Never doubt the intensity of tortillas and cheese. They have the combined power to make all foods delicious.

1 Dry ramen is never better in the cup; avoid seafood flavors at all costs. The cheapest brand of ramen is SMACK and can be found at the 99¢ Store.

2 Canned meats always taste better when doused with ketchup or Tapatio.

3 Never buy any condiments (except for mayo or anything with mayo in it). Instead, stake out your local burger joints for those that let you snag condiment packets at your will.

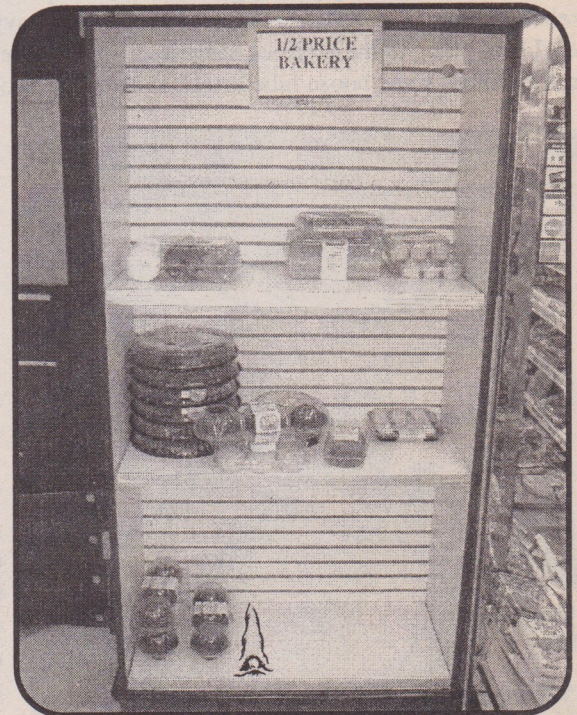
4 Raid your local discount stores for cheap beer and wine. On one shopping trip we were able to pick up a few cases of Thai beer for under \$20.

5 Health food and upscale grocery stores always have a bunch of samples and if you're brave enough, most of their delis let you sample till your heart's content.

6 If you're really lazy you can do what my old roommate did, never eat anything that you can't eat off of a paper towel/napkin, he swears up and down that it saves a bunch of money on dish soap. Make sure you only use one to both hold your food and then clean up.

7 Going out on dinner dates can save you a bunch on groceries. Rumor has it that some folks have gone up to two months without buying groceries. Remember to always order big and take home the rest. I understand everything can be made into an omelet. This tip seems to work better for women.

10 I've recently been turned on to the concept of payday cooking— buying shittons of groceries and cooking a bunch of dishes to freeze and eat for the next two weeks.



11 Some happy hours have free snacks, but make sure you never stop by the same bar more than two times a week. There is also this really great bar that may or may not be in Echo Park. Rumor has it that, during certain times of the day, tacos are offered along side the peanuts and popcorn.

12

For you brave and shameless types—drag your girlfriend to a buffet with a huge purse and a Ziploc inside, discretely slip muffins and other tasty treats into her purse. Just don't ask her to snag any silverware. [Our editor, Sam, was recently busted for stealing muffins from Hometown Buffet. He made guilty faces as he filled the Ziplocs, and when he returned from the buffet his muffin bag had been removed from between the booth cushions. They didn't search the briefcase, though. Now my computer smells like fried chicken!]

13

That last week before payday can be really difficult. My former roommate and I used to have theme weeks to see how many meals we could make with a single staple and a few low-budget additives. We enjoyed "Fun with Canned Meats Week", "Smack Ramen and 40s Month" and my personal favorite, "Pasta, Frozen Veggies and Condiments Week".

14

Shopping like you're an old lady can save you lots of cash. Buy day-old breads and dented cans. When I worked as a grocery cashier, I learned that if old people argued enough with the cashier about dents and bruises they could get sweet discounts.

15

I know a fellow that claims dumpster diving is the way to go. He's fed me dumpster food, and I didn't know the difference. This may not be for the faint of heart, but if you go for it, make certain of two things: know your local laws and avoid dumpsters that have human waste, dead things, biohazards, etc. in them. Here's a useful website with tips on it: <http://mytrashy.com>

16

My neighbor likes to hit up the local pizza place. For pizzas that were made incorrectly, he tells me that they usually give them away free. I've heard that this works for some sandwich and ice cream places as well.

17

When in doubt, there's always the option of the Budget Gourmet. I'm not a huge fan of the frozen food section, but honestly, I don't really mind this brand too much, and there are usually specials like five for three dollars or something like that.

18

A friend's extremely frugal roommate used to have massive amounts of dry bulk goods at all times. He stocked up on rice, beans and dry cereal. The entire two years he lived with my friend he never bought anything besides tortillas, frozen peas and milk, apparently. I'm not sure how healthy this diet is, but he saved enough money to support his expensive drug and porn habits.

19

Some bagel places will give you a huge bag full of day-olds if you hit them up at the end of the day. An expert on the benefits of old bagels gave me the following advice: Freeze the bagels as soon as you can in freezer bags, before toasting, defrost in microwave for 30 seconds. Apparently wrapping the bagel in a damp paper towel is said to help the defrosting and remoisturization processes.



20

My friend Erik and his roommate swore by grilling. Rather than have the gas turned on in their swinging bachelor pad, they purchased a BBQ. Not only did they save cash on the gas bill, but grilling everything they owned provided some interesting dinner ideas and assured them of the freshness of their meals. Apparently they saved cash by only buying things they could grill, too.

21

I heard that in a pinch, if you don't mind the MSG, dollar Chinese places aren't too bad.

So there you have it, the top 21 broke ass eatin' tips. Of course this is only a few ideas to get you going. I'm sure you could think of a few more. If you come up with something exceptionally good, email it to me (care of this magazine). So until next time, remember stinginess isn't bad if you do it with class.

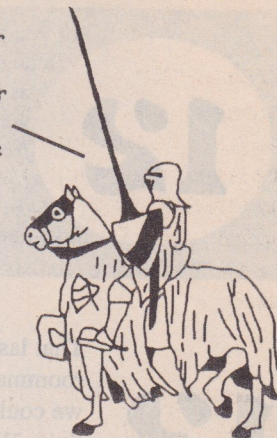


Social Scene

"For mine chatmates who bandy ale to retain some cheer
Make a stack of farthing like a young Shakespeare
He showedeth doubt 'twould reach our twenty-fifth year
And hath been swindled, for we remain here,"
That's Samuel Johnson's hook from his collab with Kanye
West on "We Don't Care"

LA Raves

Boredom Busters for Angelenos



Del Taco on Santa Monica and Highland

Have you ever been there at like 4 a.m.? They've got leathered goth kids with rubber gloves replacing the studs in their friends' pierced Mohawks with spikes; perfectly manicured gay thugs with chinstrap beards and football jerseys (tucked in!) hanging out at the soda machine and (presumably) talking about choreography for **Smooth R&B** videos; and hundreds of giggling hairless cabana boys spilling out into the parking lot. Occasionally some of the transsexual hookers that hang out in front of the Public Storage across the street will come in and slap everybody on the ass. It's like a teenage runaway reunion in there. These people, individually, fit into LA society without much notice, but get them all together and it becomes a **taco fueled tailgate party** at a Da Brat and Korn double-bill on the streets of Miami. My friend and I went once when we were super stoned. We handled ourselves pretty well until we were in line. He glanced around the room and turned to me with a goofy look of simulated bewilderment. I immediately came down with a case of the sillys that didn't end until I mustered some normalcy at the front of the line. I ordered a **Root Beer** cause it's the machoest shit on the menu!



sewage directly into the ocean. **Thankfully, we have a suggestion.** We've recently taken to bagging our recyclables and simply setting them on the curb for homeless can/bottle collectors to gather. They usually pick them up in a matter of hours, and they can use the deposit money to buy food and shoes and stuff. This is almost as karmically satisfying as helping stinky old, wide-eyed retards at some center. (I'm kidding.)

Helping the Homeless *and* the Environment!

Los Angeles is probably one of the worst major cities in the country for recycling. If you live in a house you may have curbside pick up, but if you live in an apartment, it's likely that you have to take your recyclables to a center, which is a huge pain in the ass because it'll take multiple hours when all is said and done. There are approximately **1.4 million housing units in multi-unit structures in LA County**. Most of the people that live in them don't recycle at all, and their used glass and metal products become trash in our already overfilled landfills. Incredible, no? Even countries as structurally fucked up as Spain and Italy have street-side receptacles for recycling drop-off. I guess we can't expect much from a state that still dumps

Liking Cops

I don't know. Let's give it a go. Maybe it'll work! (Actually, scratch that, I'm revisiting this one. I met a cop socially recently and he was a total cocky dickhead. It wasn't **outgoing fratboy cocky** either, but **freaky repressed wannabe murderer cocky**. He looked at people as if he were mentally creating an effigy for each of them that he would assemble later at home and bark orders at and pistol whip. His "friends" told me they didn't like him either. Unfortunately, I put my head through a window and made an ass out of myself otherwise that evening, so I didn't exactly end up with the moral high ground.) (See "Enjoying Art Through a moustache and Aviators", pg 18.)

Weeknights

I'm real sad and melancholically abused. I like to drink Popov sodas and walk around my apartment listening to records. I'll type a few words on the computer, pretending it's going somewhere. Take a smoke break. Write a word, and argue with myself about whether it's a good one. Then some great song comes on, and I listen to it like four times, graduating the volume each time. If you don't think that's pathetic, why don't you come over and listen to "A Song for You" by Gram Parsons. I've just now realized how fucking great it is, and I need somebody to smile at and hug while we listen.

(An aside: Country records are crazy cheap at Amoeba. They have shittons of them, and you can get out of print stuff for \$2, nearly mint!)

Listening to "Toe Tappin' Music"

Getting dumped is sweet because you get all sad and it's totally cool to just sit around, get drunk, and think about yourself a bunch. It's the same thing with country and western music; it's an avenue for whining and wallowing in misery, but without seeming like a vain asshole. Next time you get dumped tune into KXLU (88.9 fm) between 11 and midnight on Saturday. DJ Cowboy Nick, will be playing enough Merle Haggard, Patsy Cline and Mike Stinson to **get you through that entire bottle of Ol' Grandad.**

(Cowboy Nick also put together a Best of Toe Tappin' Music, Live & In Studio disc that you can buy to support KXLU. See "Album Reviews", pg 54. Go to www.kxlu.com to listen to Nick's interviews with Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard, among others.)

Double Features at The New Beverly

I know, the seat springs are exposed and the theater smells like urine and vodka cocktails, but the New Beverly Cinema is more than that, it's about the conflux of art and suffering into the river of community. Yeah, you can watch most of the movies in your living room, but you're by yourself and will probably fall asleep in your poofy, bourgeois couch halfway into your personal Marx Brothers triple play. We all love movies, right? **We all giggle a little when Frank whimpers, "Baby wants to fuck,"** or shudder when Rosemary pushes

past the shrieking old ladies and looks at her demon-child. Let's go out and support the *only* fulltime revival cinema in Los Angeles. It's a community thing. We'll suffer through the excrement-eating Italians in *Saló*. We'll be disgusted, but we'll do it together. We'll see each other on the street and laugh about how that guy next to you snored through the entire second reel of *Sunset Boulevard*. Remember when you tried to wake him for the monkey funeral procession? That was classic.

(The New Beverly is located at 7165 W. Beverly Blvd., and it's only \$6 for 2 movies! www.michaelwilliams.com/beverlycinema.)

Flicker Film Festival

You spent your childhood in front of a TV set. *Sesame Street* was your babysitter. Yeah, I know, your parents suck. Instead of raising you they their time analyzing away their current faults on their own shitty childhoods, all the while continuing the cycle with poor little you. **Thank god Jim Henson was looking out.** That television set has morphed you into a visually superior being. You saw more of the world in two episodes of the *3-2-1 Contact* than the Greatest Generation saw in their entire, feeble lives. You have an astonishing ability to communicate through sequences of images, and it's time you put that shit to use. Make a movie.

Norwood Cheek runs Flicker, a film festival for short movies originating on Super 8mm and 16mm film. It plays bi-monthly in LA, but there are various sections of Flicker that play around the country. Sure, film is expensive and a major pain in the ass, but it's pretty. Do you want to make home videos (like your deadbeat dad feigning interest in your rec. soccer game in which you accidentally scored on your own team) or do you want to be a filmmaker? Go to www.flickerla.com and get a Super 8-film guide from Norwood. Then get a prop gun and a cigarette, turn the camera on slow-mo and start acting cool. Once you're done Norwood might show your masterpiece at his festival (the next one will be in April, and is usually held at Spaceland, check out the website for specifics). At that point it's hello Hollywood, goodbye poor-ass parents.



Continued on next page...

Riding Bicycles at Night

This might seem like a strange thing to “rave” about because bicycles have been around for years. And, night, well, it’s here every day! I have a shitty 10-speed from The Salvation Army, and if I pedal too hard, the chain skips and the pedal slips down, so I’m straddling the frame into early menopause (I ride a boy’s bike). That’s probably not possible, but if it were, this time of year would be perfect, what with the cool nights mellowing my hot flashes. I live on the Eastside, and like to ride up in the hills of Echo Park. There are few cars driving up there in the evenings, and the difficult climb to the top is well worth the excitement of coasting down (multiplied by the constant worry of my shitty bike coming to pieces suddenly). In my evening rides I’ve come across a lot of bicycle clubs that get all excited when they see a fellow pedaler. They make siren noises at me or yell nerd thespian quips (*see top of nearly every page*).

The Death of Red Bull and Vodkas (a stern look from atop our tall stallion)

This is a stupid thing to announce the death of, and we don’t really feel that strongly about it, but let’s think about **Irish Coffee** for a moment. The drink was invented (circa 1942) by Joe Sheridan at his airport bar in Foynes, Co Limerick. When made properly, Irish Coffee is said to taste like a drunken, cigar-mouthed James Joyce as he carefully lathers himself with Irish Spring. But sometimes



they taste like shit because you’ll get a plastic cup that’s half warm Folgers and half Wild Turkey (this happened to me once in New Orleans—I struggled to finish it just as some happy drunk bought a new round for everyone. I had to drink the entire second one, too because my dad was there and I didn’t want to look like a wuss). You’re sure to get a good Irish Coffee at **Tom Bergin’s** (840 S Fairfax Ave, (323) 936-7151, the bartender promised me on the phone that he makes the best one in LA). **Fran** has learned some interesting things about Ireland over the years: Irish Whiskey labels are color-coded by religion (green = Catholic, white = Protestant). (*Ed. Note—This isn’t true at all, actually. The Irish Whiskey Editor from Whisky Magazine in the UK told us that he only knew of one Catholic distillery, and it’s been closed for twenty years. He also told us that Irish distilleries picked up the “e” in whiskey in the fifties to set their product apart from all the barrels of shit coming in from overseas. We lost the editor’s name and all the specific information because this journalism stuff is really hard guys.*) The Gaelic word, **Samhain**, meaning “summer’s end”, is pronounced like the female pig, **Sow-In (Danzig gets mad** and might threateningly lift a freezer up over his head if you pronounce it *Sam-Hane*).

Samhain was the New Year’s Day of the Celts, celebrated on November 1st, and the Christians bastardized it into All Saint’s Day. Finally, an Irish friend of mine told me that he used to pee on the Blarney Stone as a boy, knowing that tourists would come to kiss it. That’s all we got about Ireland. Isn’t that great! Oh, and the Irish think as little of the Belgians as the rest of us.

“Even countries as structurally fucked up as Spain and Italy have street-side receptacles for recycling.”

Playing MASH

It stands for **Mansion, Apartment, Shack, House**. If you’ve never played, it might be hard to understand. It’s a fortune telling game created by **7th grade geniuses**. You have different categories (living space, husband/wife, car, friends, number of children, pets, etc.) and you write down four possibilities for each category. When that’s finished, your friend draws progressively enlarging circles on the paper until you say, “Stop.” Then you count the number of circles that were made. Remember this number. If it’s “6”, you count through each of your categories and cross off the sixth thing until you only have one left in each category. I played with friends and ended up living in a mansion with a Porsche and a beautiful pair of jazz canarys, but I had to marry fuckin **Nathan Lane** (in Canada, presumably, unless those new San Francisco marriages aren’t ruled down). Sam got to marry **Samantha Morton** and didn’t so much mind that he lived in a shack with nine children. Brady married **Shannyn Sossamon** and lived comfortably in a house with a Volvo and two children (named “Aural Mathematics” and “Visual Gym Class”). When you play with friends, you get to choose one shitty thing for each of their categories, but a Pinto is always the worst car. If you end up with the “S” in the living space category, you might want to try the ‘ol, “Sometimes it stands for ‘studio,’ like, if you drew the circles counter clockwise. My sister’s 17 and she knows all the rules.” (*See next page.*) (*Ed. Note—we play MASH at our kiosk jams, why don’t you come sometime.*)

So you want to know your future, but your lifeline has a huge break in it, the reaper card seems to follow you everywhere, and you're not much of a tea drinker. Well, don't worry, we're happy to help. Play some MASH and makeout with the poster/yearbook photo of your crush! Don't tell your sister who you're going to marry, though. She's 15 now and considers it some kind of bitch license.

MASH

3 boys/girls that
you want to marry
and 1 that makes
you want to barf:

3 numbers of
children that you'd
like to have, and 1
that you wouldn't:

3 favorite cars and 1
that you hate (has to be
a Pinto, that's the worst
car in the world!):

3 favorite cities and 1
that you hate:

3 favorite animals and 1
that you hate:

3 favorite metals/gems
and 1 least favorite:

3 best friends and 1
bitch/douchebag:

You live in a _____ with your husband/wife, _____,
_____ children and a _____ for a pet. Your wedding ring is
made out of _____. Your bridesmaid/best man at the wedding
was _____. You live in _____ where you drive really fast
in your _____.

The Mae Shi



**Oh My Gawd, Gurls!
Put the Giggle into Overdrive!!
It's LA's Latest Hunksters!!!**

Many of you have likely never heard The Mae Shi. If you were standing here in front of me, I'd put my arm to the side and pluck my belly, going, "Duyrn nuyrn nuyrn...YUUungorrrrw... nuyrn nuyrn...wiiiiiiee..." And you'd likely be into their sound because I play vocal guitar/bass like Tony Robbins rocks a conference. But describing music with real words is all together different. I hate to do it, and I'm terrible at it. I'd like to only write about how The Mae Shi are friendly, funny, a little spazzy and seem to be very interesting and intelligent people, but that wouldn't illuminate their musical offerings very well.

So.....The Mae Shi are red carpet talents. They got funky bass lines, and the guitar and bass kinda tag in and out of each other sometimes, and then it all rocks real wild, and the drums come in full bore (or just kinda cymbally, jazzy sometimes) and Ezra sorta yells, but he's got a good voice (high timbre'd, but down-hearted). And the whole time you want to sing along or dance..... See

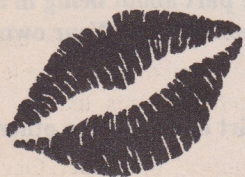
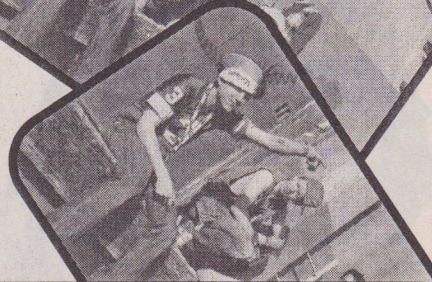
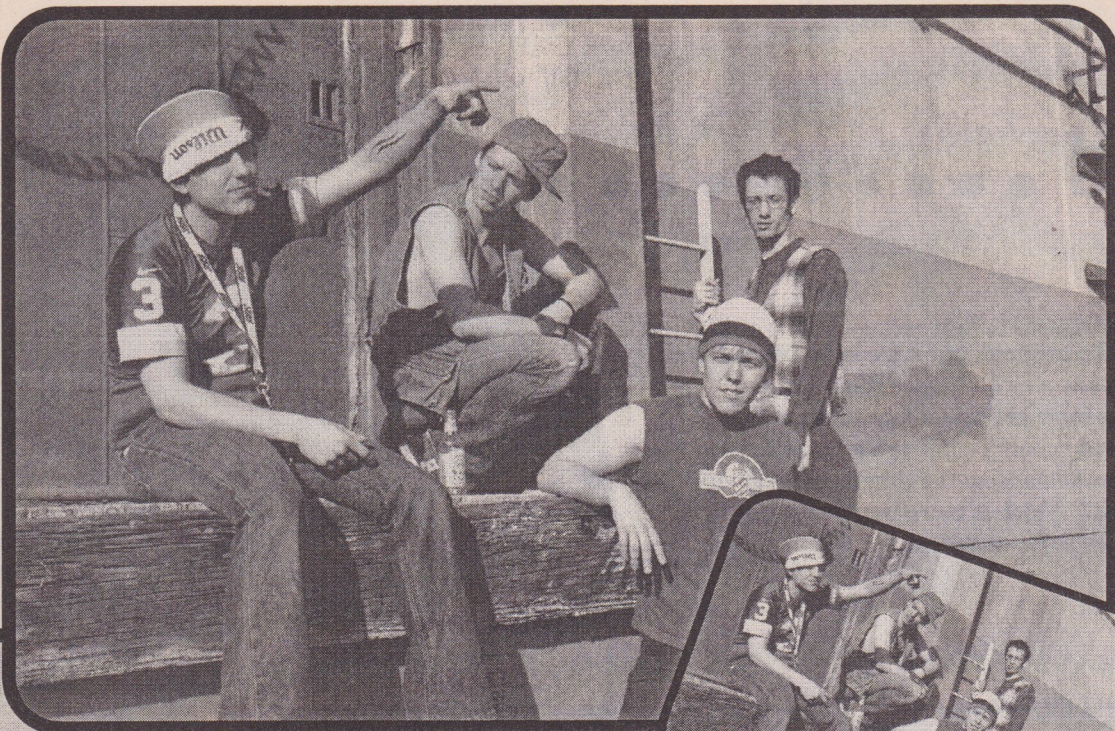
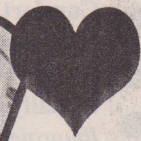
what I mean, that's horrendous. You might want to call their music, art punk, some kind of "core" (which is totally played) or *pfunky* (which I would appreciate because I think I just made it up). They're serious and silly like political comedy...They're intense and weird like animal mating videos...They sound fun. That's it...FUN.

They play a lot, so you'll be able to catch them. Their shows are really wild, like a big drunk puppy. They're only about a year old and played something like 60 shows last year. *See?* Fun. They're fun.

As Jeff explained to us, they're trying to make a different kind of music. Which may not be any kind of breakthrough for a band's objective, but The Mae Shi do a much more laudable job of it than most. He said it's been intensely difficult at times (there's a lot of fucking music out there), that they find themselves influenced a little too heavily in places or simply repeating their previous advances. But they're keeping at it and moving forward, and that shit's commendable in and of itself. They've been busy working on their new album. It's all recorded, but each member is making his own mix of the songs (bringing his personal musical background and interests), and then they're going to decide what to do with them.

When we were taking photos for this article someone drove by in a white Supra and called us faggots. The driver didn't quite understand that these boys are (sensitive) macho heartthrobs, that the photos on these pages will soon join the annals of teen dreamery. They're on some Taye Diggs shit! The Mae Shi aren't faggots at all. In fact, they write and perform their music in order to be able to fuck chicks *even better!*



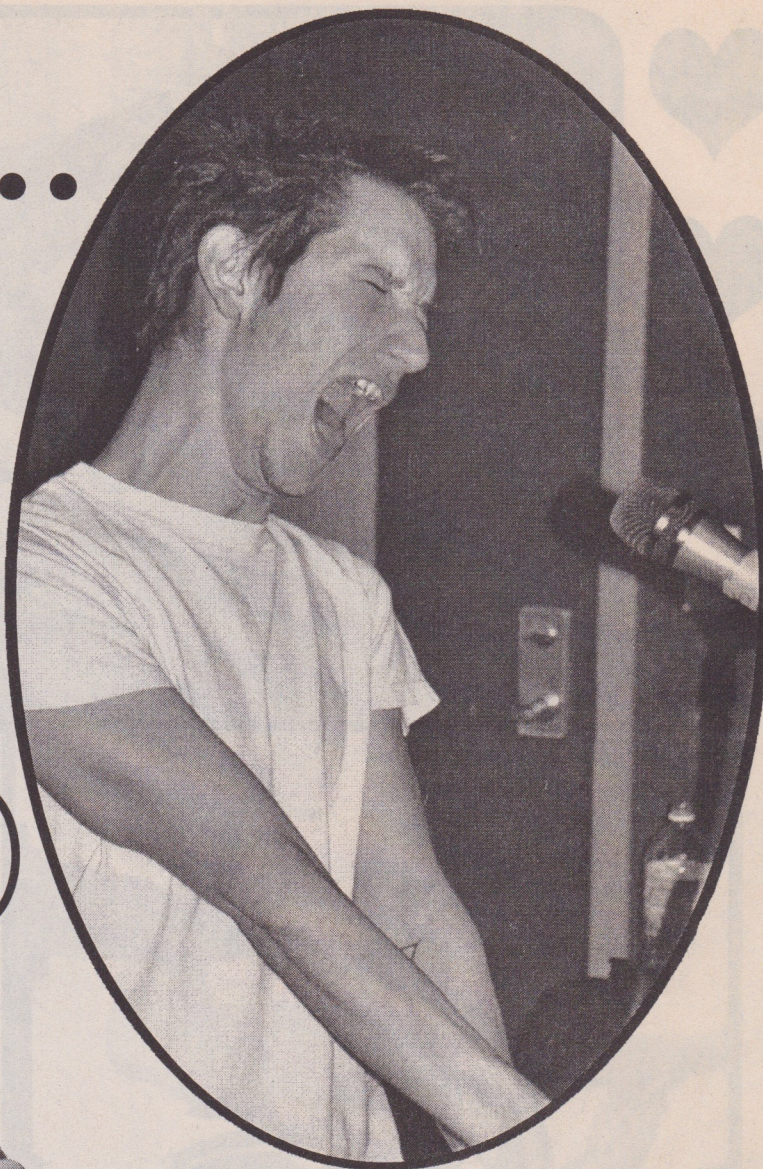


Ezra

It's cool to be original, but it's cool to be cool, too, which is totally weird because sometimes "original" people get called fags or freaks or whatever and "cool" people are total assholes that wear jockstraps all the time? What do you make of this? Which is more important to you?
I'm always cool, no matter what.

Comfort food?
Red meat.

I totally can't go a single day without...
Ibuprofen. Sometimes I live on ibuprofen and red meat.



Biggest fashion mistake...
Glasses.

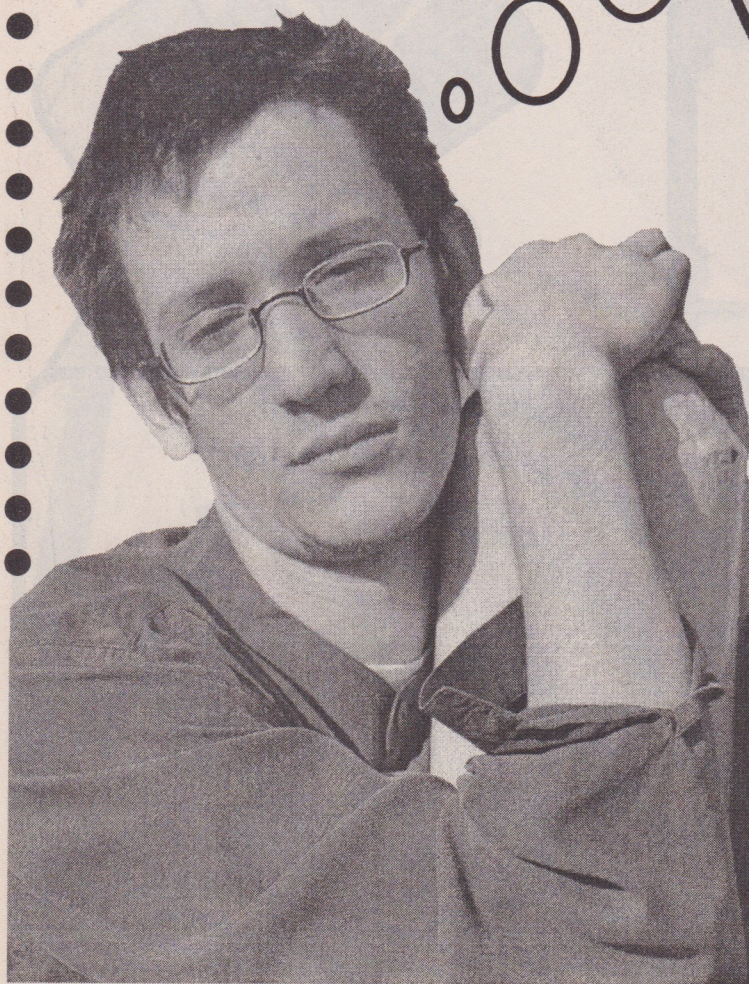
Biggest fashion success...
My green shirt.

I'd rather be dead than shopping at...
"The mall".

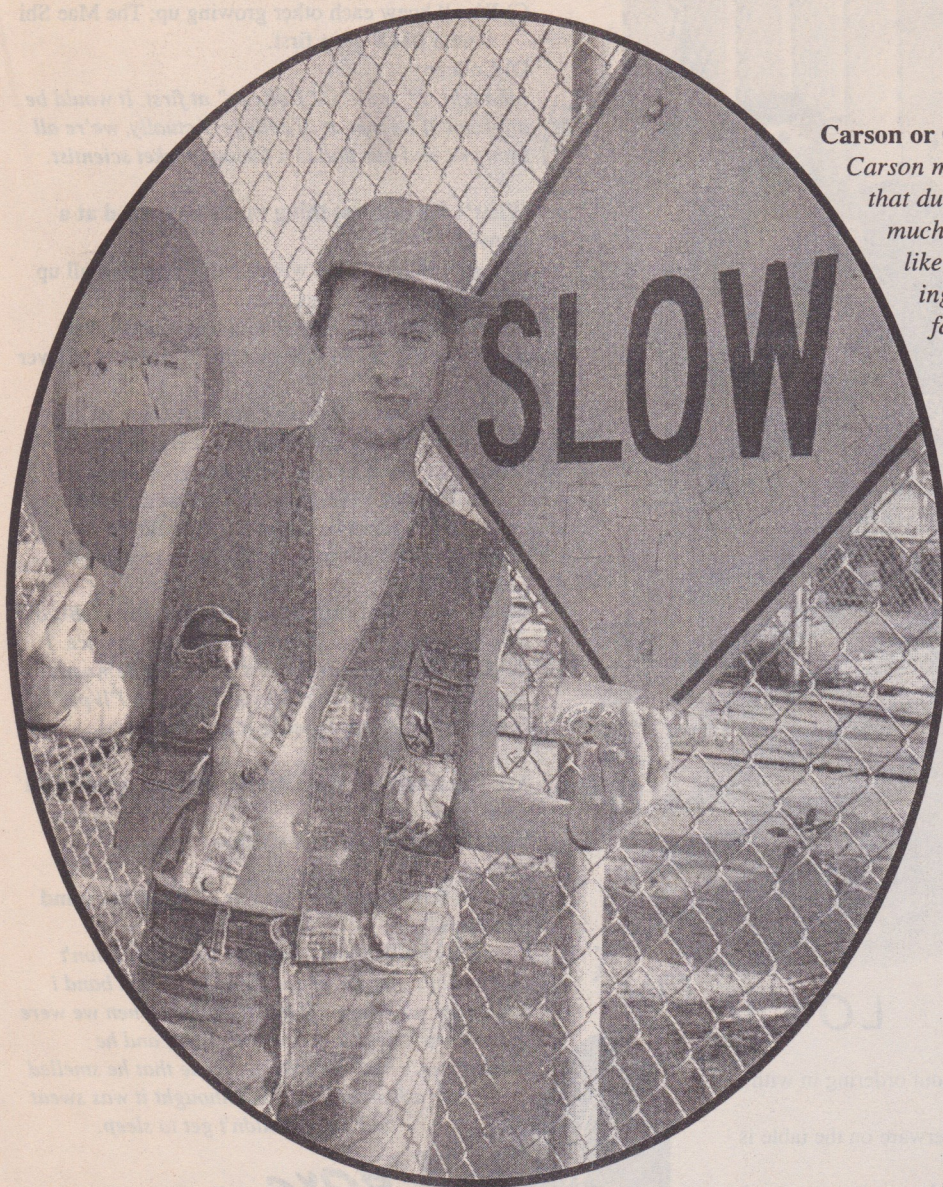
Current crush?
Jack Daniels. Yeah.

What's your favorite part about being in a band?
Dancing? Wearing cool clothes? Your own idea?
Being cool.

Can we have some dirt on one of the other band members?
They're all nerds. And Tim is a really big nerd.



Brad



Carson or Gideon?

Carson must have been hired on a dare, 'cause that dude has negative charisma. Gideon isn't much more appealing, but at least it seems like he took a course or two in broadcasting. I have to say Carson, for the cringe factor.

Avril or Mandy?

Mandy.

Uggs or ughh!?

Eggs.

Boot cut: yes please or yes terday?

Hyper Boot: AKA Flare.

Tattoo or not to tattoo?

I plan on getting a tattoo of a unicorn from EXTRA BUXLA.

Your style: couture or Kutcher?

Kutcher. But not by choice!

Dream date?

Janet Jackson; dinner immediately after the SuperBowl fiasco.

Can we have some dirt on one of the other band members?

Extra shaves his armpits.

Tim shaves his legs.

Jeff shaves his chest and grooms his eyebrows.



Jeff

On a nasty, rainy day, you head out the door with your...

- A) Designer umbrella.
 - B) Timelessly stylish all-weather hat.
 - C) Manly patent leather galoshes.
 - D) Mod raincoat a la Audrey Hepburn.
 - E) Waterproof cargo pants.
- Audrey Hepburn is pretty awesome, I'd wear her coat. It would all depend on where I am going, or what I am doing out in the rain. Cargo pants are cool 'cause you can put your tools in them. Maybe a mod raincoat with lots of pockets for your tools.*

If you were the author of a romance novel, the love interest in your story would be...

- A) A movie star.
 - B) An ambassador to Monaco.
 - C) An antiques dealer.
 - D) A cowgirl living on a multi-acre ranch.
 - E) A Las Vegas casino owner.
- Cowgirl. A train robbing cow-girl.*

If you had it your way, where would you eat your meals at least once a month?

- A) Room service at a fancy hotel—something about ordering in with style makes you feel like a star.
 - B) An elegant restaurant—you think rows of silverware on the table is a cool tradition.
 - C) A poetry café—debating over a hot drink and dessert is your speed.
 - D) A picnic—whether it's indoors or out, there's something precious about eating snacks on a blanket.
 - E) Fast food—occasionally, you give yourself permission to indulge.
- I'm a totally picky eater who's in denial about being vegetarian. I pretend not to be, but I won't eat anything. I hate it. At this point I just want to eat what everyone else is eating.*

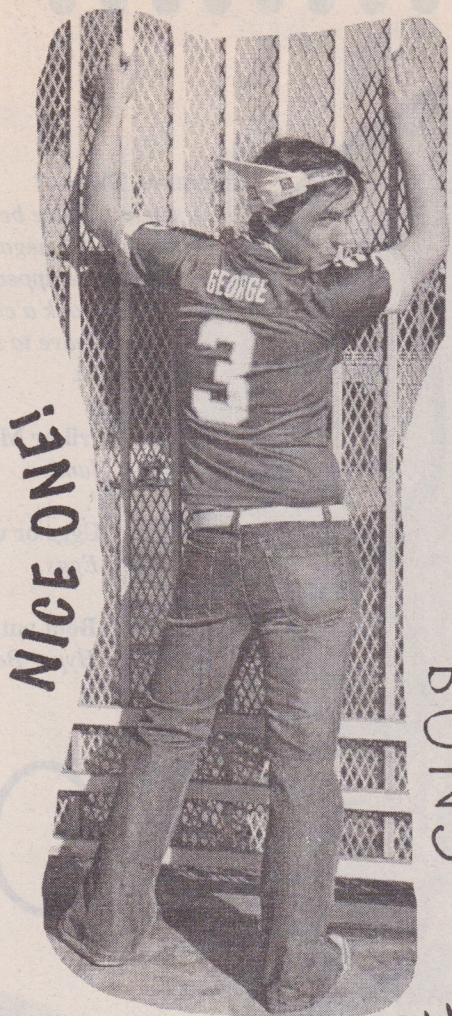
Who are The Mae Shi's influences?

- A) The Runaways, L7
- B) Kelis, Mary J. Blige
- C) Beverly Cleary
- D) Nirvana, Nine Inch Nails
- E) Huge titties, Hoobastank

Do you mean besides these? Or do you mean among these? I think these are literally our influences. No, I mean literally.

How did you all meet?

- A) We'd all seen each other at shows a bunch.
- B) I dated Brad/Ezra/Tim's sister for awhile and she used to tell me about what a great drummer/singer/bassist he was. The other dudes worked at my favorite record store.



2001

BUNS

LOK'D OUT

C) We all knew each other growing up; The Mae Shi were a BMX gang first.

D) College.

I thought 'D' said "DJ College" at first. It would be awesome if we met at dj college. Actually, we're all brothers, and our dad is a famous rocket scientist.

What's the craziest thing that's happened at a show?

A) I got hit in the face with a guitar and bled all up and down, left, right, etc.

B) We were all totally wasted and had an extended pause between songs to turn in a circle and barf all over each other.

C) We were super psyched to play our first show at The Peach Pit, and who shows up to ruin it but Dylan-fucking-McKay. He was trashed as shit, all grabbing at amps and microphones! He tried to finger bang Brenda right there in front of everyone! I guess he got in a fight with his dad.

D) Our shows are all pretty wild. We have a lot of energy.

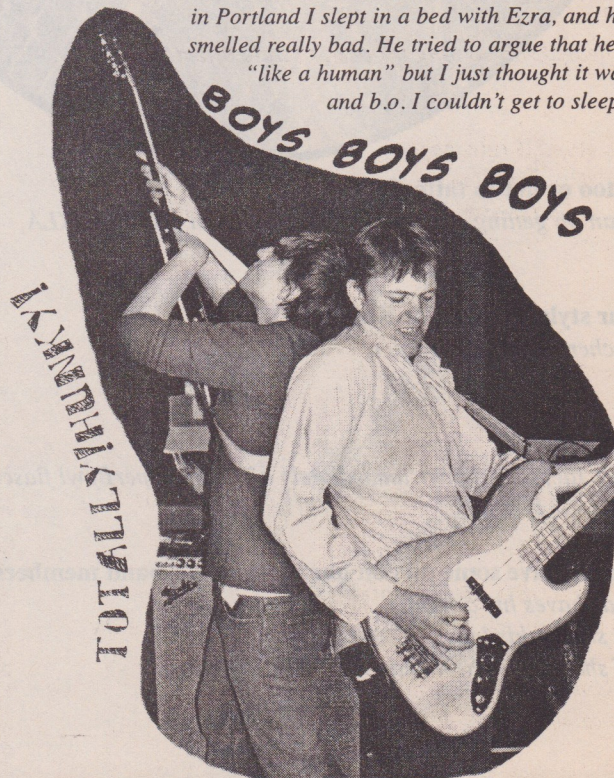
Wow, none of that stuff happens at our shows. Brad took his shirt off and pointed at his nipples once. I think Ezra was sick at the last show, but he wasn't vomiting, just coughing. Maybe this week I'll put knives on my guitar to make it all crazier.

Are you totally living a dream playing music with your bros?

Yeah, I love playing with my bros.

Can we have some dirt on one of the other band members?

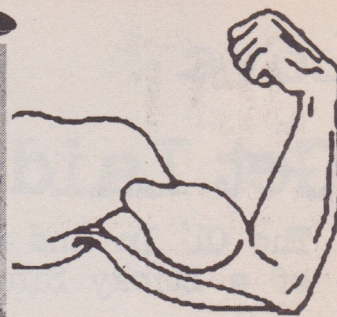
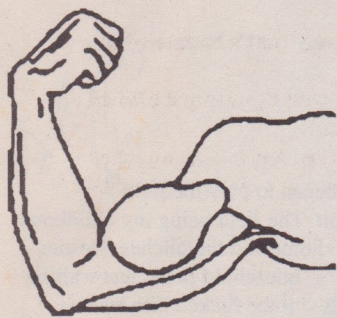
I can only really think about my own dirt; I don't know what's gossipy about the others. As a band i don't think we cause too much drama. When we were in Portland I slept in a bed with Ezra, and he smelled really bad. He tried to argue that he smelled "like a human" but I just thought it was sweat and b.o. I couldn't get to sleep.



BOYS BOYS BOYS

KIMCHI

Tim



You're currently at work on your sophomore album that'll be released soon. Is it cool that people aren't book checking you in the halls and writing "turd" on your locker anymore?
That's probably the best thing about it.

What's it like being a heartthrob?

I've been a heartthrob so long it doesn't really affect me.

Is it hard to stay all muscley?

You bet! I work out six times a week and watch what I eat. I find that high intensity interval training works best for developing mass and form.

What's the one grooming product you can't live without?

My razor. Gotta have that clean shave!

Who are you crushing on hardest?

My girlfriend. But don't tell her! I'd die if she found out!

What's your idea of a dream date?

Dinner someplace in my hometown of LA, then a show at the Smell (hopefully Child Pornography or Wives or Rose for Bohdan is playing!), then a short drive up to Griffith Observatory to hold hands and look at the stars.

What's your worst dating horror story?

Can't think of a good one here.

With the success of The Mae Shi's music, do you have any plans to go into acting or directing?

Yes, if I can find the time! In between the band and all my charity work, there isn't much time for acting or directing!

Can we have some dirt on one of the other band members?

Yes, but you can't quote me. you'll have to ask follow-up questions with the other boys to get them to comment on this stuff:

- (1) Ezra got 1590 on his SAT. his dad is not famous.
- (2) Brad was a pro skater.
- (3) Jeff wears makeup. And his brother is an asshole.

The Mae Shi will be appearing:

March 22 20X4 Spring Spring Pagan Fun Festival w/ Holy Buffaglow (hopefully), Tehn, Lacoste & Fireworks @ Silverlake Lounge 21+ FREE

March 27 w/ Coachwhips & 400 Blows @ the Smell all ages \$5

March 29 20X4 Spring Spring Pagan Fun Festival w/ Replicator, Baby's Breath & Neil Schuh @ Silverlake Lounge 21+ FREE

They really like blogs.

*Look at their website:
www.mae-shi.com*





Get Laid Like MacGyver

The Ol' In and Out
of a Sticky Situation

by Jay Riggio

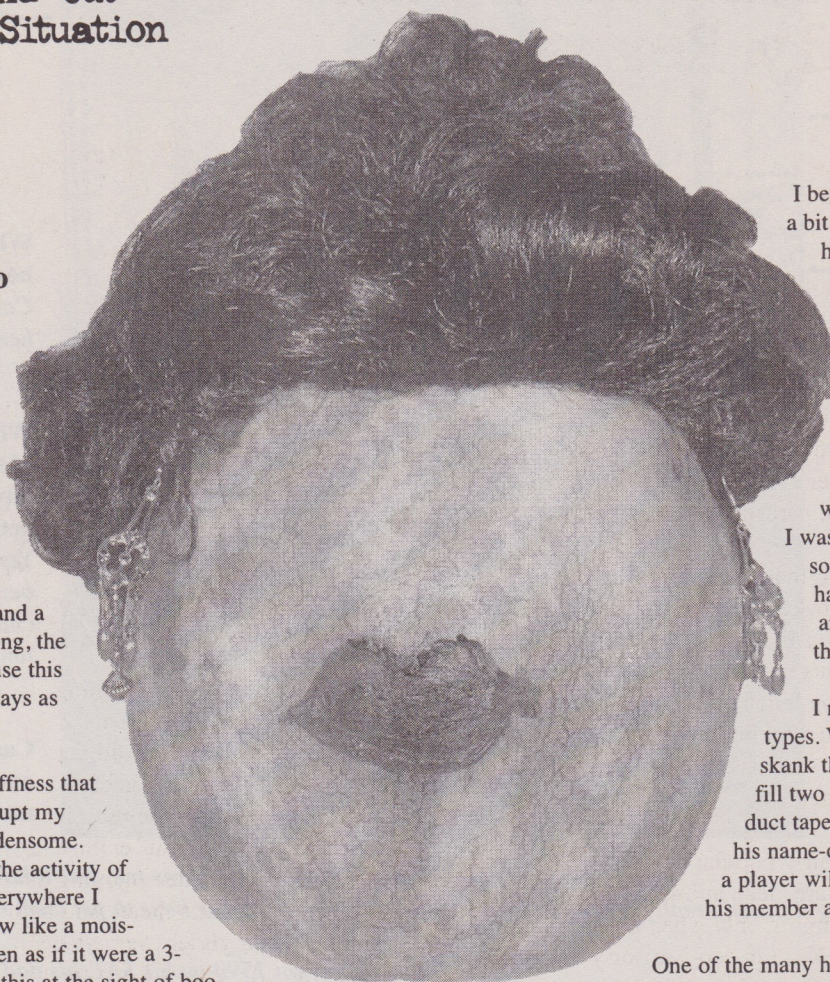
What defines a "Player"?

Some might say that a player is a husky black man with a giant penis, a deep voice and a fantastic fashion sense. Others might tell you that a "Player" is an uncircumcised Jew with a head for business and a neck full of hair. My point being, the term is hard to define. And I use this fact/theory in defense of my days as a "Player."

At the tender age of 13 the stiffness that had begun to periodically disrupt my daily movements became burdensome. There was literally no rest to the activity of my underdeveloped penis. Everywhere I went, my little guy would grow like a moistened straw wrapper and harden as if it were a 3-day-old cinnamon cruller. All this at the sight of boobies, thighs and necks (I've always been a neck man). This sudden change in my life's priorities was somewhat alarming to me. Wiffleball and Transformers were now for fags. My new shit was making myself cum.

The wonderful realization that my penis had a far greater purpose than pissing must have been too much for my weak little heart to bear. The blood that would fill up my wienie's shaft regularly seemed to be in competition with the pus that was filling up the pores in my face. The more I whacked off, the more white heads and red, bulbous zits would cover my once baby faced complexion.

As disgusting and awkward as my physical appearance actually was, a false sense of confidence had engulfed my warped mindstate. Under the impression that no other teen had discovered a method of self-gratification, my ego was transformed from that of a porcelain figurine, to a die cast Uzi replica. I was dope, and I knew it. I was a "Player". In my head, there was absolutely no difference between being a player and playing with oneself. As a player, my way of dress was not that of silk capes and velour Kangols, but of greasy cheeks, bulbous lesions and an awkward growth in my midsection. The act alone was not enough to give me the coveted title of "Player." Shit, I had to bang some sluts first.



I began to play the field a bit. The field being my childhood home and the bitches, various household items just waiting to be fucked like whores. I was regularly having sex with my sleeping bag. But this bag pumping was the equivalent to fucking a Catholic school virgin. "Stick and move," I believe was a popular player's slogan. If I was going to get nuts deep into some Grade A pussy, I was gonna have to stop pissing like a pup and start making some hacks in the old bedpost.

I moved on to much sluttier types. Water filled Ziploc bags were a skank that I would frequent. I would fill two Ziplocs up with warm water, duct tape them together, and Bingo (was his name-o)! The bags always leaked, but a player will go to great lengths to show his member a good time.

One of the many hussies that was "on my shit," was a little fox fur coat that I'd found in my basement.

This was perhaps my first run in with real lovemaking, as opposed to my usual fuck and duck. After I had mounted my fox fur beauty, I would lay next to it, sometimes even holding the soft, silky coat in my grasp. Though our lovemaking was passionate, deep down inside I knew that I didn't love it. What can I say? I suppose that's just the way of the player.

Even though my face looked as if it were pounded six days a week with a meat tenderizer, I couldn't be happier. I was achieving genital climax anywhere from five to seven times a day. On one particular occasion, I was transforming a teddy bear puppet from my boyhood into a sex toy to be reckoned with. The hand opening in the teddy was rough and led to a squeaker in the bear's head. I lined the coarse interior with duct tape, converting the hand insert into a lean mean vagina machine.

As I positioned the puppet in-between my mattress, I remember a sudden burst of guilt that invaded my brain. The image of my mother walking in on her oily faced son defiling the very symbol of his childhood presented itself before me. But this vivid picture show ended abruptly when I saw/heard myself defending my actions before my horrified mother. "Mom, don't hate the player, hate the game!" I arrogantly exclaimed.

The Dander Zone

Sugar Gliders are for Friendly Pervs

by Andrew Hume

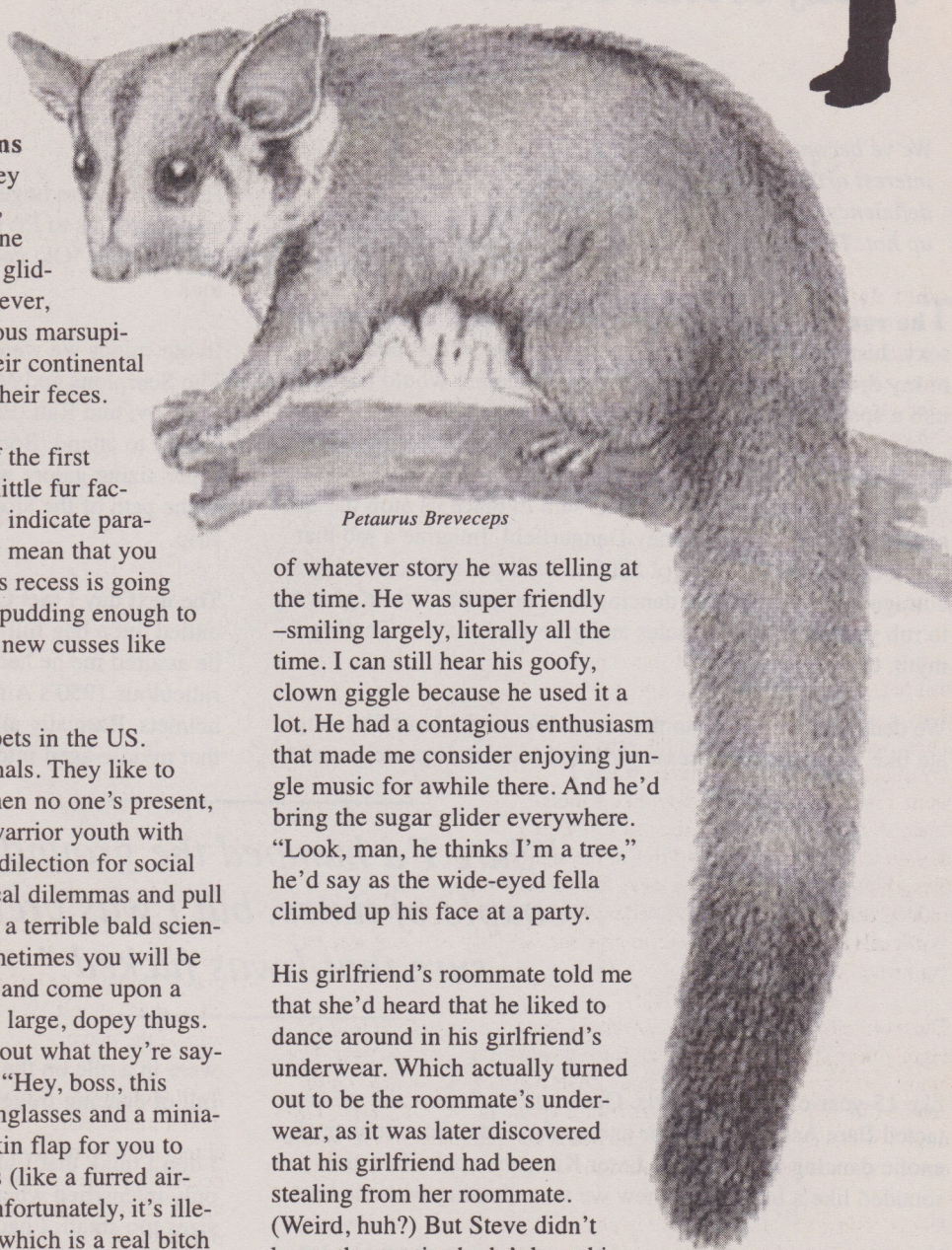
Sugar gliders are the only Australians I know that aren't rugged alkies. They don't wear tan vests or long, oiled slickers, either. And they don't speak English like one would imagine a smart horse might. Sugar gliders don't speak English at all, in fact. However, in my research I've learned that these curious marsupials share at least one characteristic with their continental brethren: it's bad if they have parasites in their feces.

If you have a pet sugar glider, that's one of the first things the vet will check to make sure the little fur factory is in good shape. Parasites in the turds indicate parasites in the belly. And parasites in the belly mean that you gotta share lunch. And sharing lunch means recess is going to suck because you won't be all wired on pudding enough to spin around, chase skirts/pants or make up new cusses like "dick wastrel" and "fart splitter".

Sugar gliders have become fairly popular pets in the US. They're easy to care for and are clean animals. They like to cozy up in shirt pockets, emerging only when no one's present, to voice little bits of insight. You (an eco-warrior youth with uncanny hidden magical abilities and a predilection for social discomfort) frequently run into philosophical dilemmas and pull him out at your locker for some advice. Or a terrible bald scientist attempts to bulldoze the rainforest. Sometimes you will be deep in the rainforest with the sugar glider and come upon a secret assembly of the bad scientist and his large, dopey thugs. *But dang it!* They're too far away to make out what they're saying! So Bedallion (your sugar glider) says, "Hey, boss, this one's on me." And he puts on tiny neon sunglasses and a miniature red Yankees cap and spreads out his skin flap for you to throw him in the direction of the bad dudes (like a furred airplane), where he will listen, undetected. Unfortunately, it's illegal to have pet sugar gliders in California, which is a real bitch because we have some serious ecological troubles that would be just right for a gloomy, pint-sized magician and his hip, flying hamster.

They're legal in Colorado, however, and I used to know the quintessential sugar glider owner. This dude was some kind of engineering genius that liked acid a whole lot and had various crazed voices he'd use throughout the day to explicate the tone

She be not a good-faced woman,
but this matters not
For the drossel speaketh
not with the part of her lips
But the part 'tween her hips.



Petaurus Breveceps

of whatever story he was telling at the time. He was super friendly—smiling largely, literally all the time. I can still hear his goofy, clown giggle because he used it a lot. He had a contagious enthusiasm that made me consider enjoying jungle music for awhile there. And he'd bring the sugar glider everywhere. "Look, man, he thinks I'm a tree," he'd say as the wide-eyed fella climbed up his face at a party.

His girlfriend's roommate told me that she'd heard that he liked to dance around in his girlfriend's underwear. Which actually turned out to be the roommate's underwear, as it was later discovered that his girlfriend had been stealing from her roommate. (Weird, huh?) But Steve didn't know the panties hadn't been his girlfriend's all along. He was simply too preoccupied with his personal joy to take a look at the tags. I imagined him prancing around the room, Keoki blaring on the stereo, a big Chewbacca mask on his head, and the little sugar glider tucked comfortably in the waistband. These are the kinds of people that especially enjoy sugar gliders. I think he thought of it as a small attempt to reconnect with the savagery of human history.



Beefcake

You are the bride of the Svinafell troll, as people say,
and every ninth night he treats you like a woman!



From Broke-Ass to Bare Ass

Jeremy Green's Topless!

by Jeremy Green

We've become increasingly aware of our lack of women's interest articles. Hopefully this one will help shore up that deficiency. A slab of beef from Denver, seared and served up hot. This one's for the ladies. Say hooooooooooooooooo!

The road to male stripping is long, veiny and extremely sexy. Just a short time ago it seemed like the surest path to all of my dreams. Little did I know that the dream would transpire into a sparkling-gold-G-string-that-was-2-sizes-too-small reality.

My friend Cougar had just moved into my house. We needed money, and I had an idea that was sure to place us atop the likes of Burt Reynolds and Rodney Dangerfield. Imagine a job that involves making upwards of \$200 in cash per night, wearing outrageous costumes and dancing in your undies, while girls try to rub your muscular muscles and grab your wayne. That's no myth, that's stripping!

We dedicated ourselves to the cause. We worked out like mugs, ate like 15-year-old anorexic girls and binged on protein shakes

Her boobs were huge and her demeanor was cold. She immediately asked us to lift up our shirts. With a quick glance at our abs she said, "Ok, come in the back room...you've got the look."

In our minds we were suddenly one step below rockstars like The Scorpions and Mötley Crüe and one step above bands like Bon Jovi and Ratt. Endless dollars, babes and exclusive roof top parties to attend. Booyah Chicken for every meal at home and super-sizing galore when out on the town. Only one thing stood in the path of the aforementioned luxuries, we had to actually strip.

The next day I met Cougar at PT's Show Club in Denver. He pulled out a bag full of costumes, along with a gold g-string that he assured me he had washed. Cougar had the OR scrubs, a ridiculous 1950's Air Force looking jacket, overalls and some helmets. Basically all the ingredients for makeshift costumes that middle-aged intoxicated women would find sexy once they

"Sure I'd humped the ground a couple of times, but I was pretty sure that I was fucked."

like 15-year-old bulimic girls. Once our beef was cake we contacted Bare Assets in Denver and spoke to the front-runner of exotic dancing in Colorado. Enter Kiki; she spoke fast and sounded like a bitch, so I knew we were dealing with the best.

We showed up to the interview right on time, both looking like a couple of total fucking dudes. (Dressed like we do when we are "clubbin'," as Kiki had suggested.) Every time I looked at Cougar I wanted to punch him. Every time I looked in the mirror I wanted to punch myself. We were hot. We did some pushups in the parking lot and walked into the most important job interview of our lives.

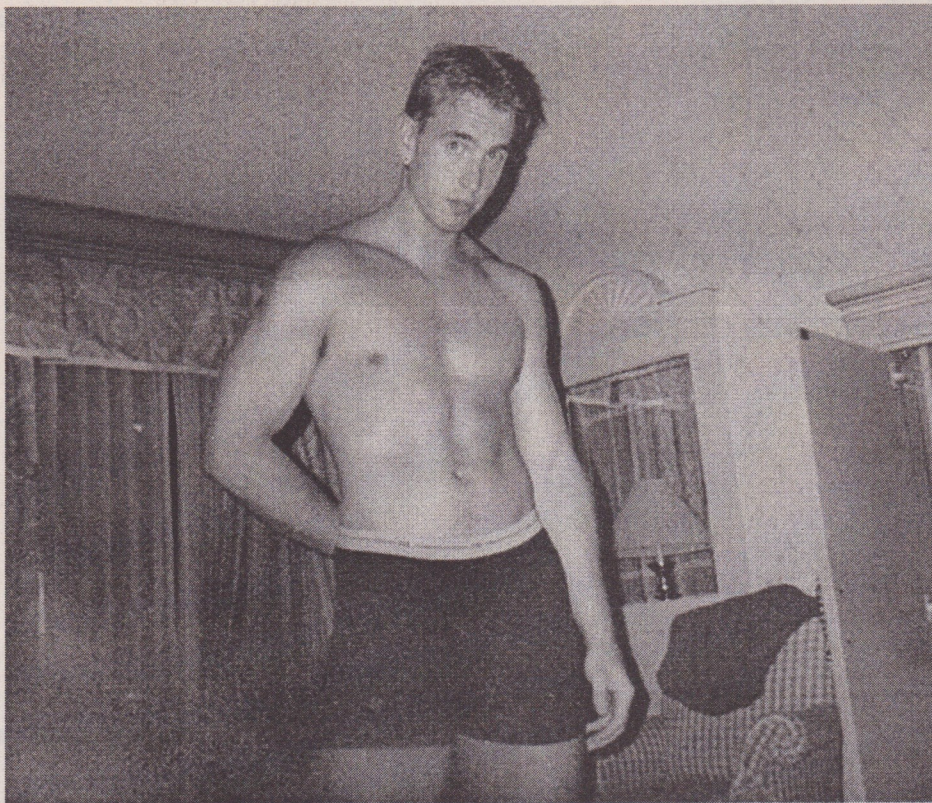
"High Priority Bitch" were the words written across Kiki's shirt.

were in a pile on the stage. I had my cowboy hat and a stomach full of dancing fraggles. Tonight would be the moment of truth.

I don't think that I had ever been that nervous in my life, but it only intensified when I put on the gold g-string that was two sizes too small. I had to check in with the announcer. He asked what I wanted to be called. My suggestions of "Front End Loader" or "Rodney Hardon" were met with a stern look. I was advised that a name like that would have negative implications on my income for the night.

"Call me Jeremy," I said.

My heart was bouncing off of the rev limiter. I stood behind the stage and waited for X-Rated to finish up the last two songs of



This is the picture that got Jeremy his dream job.

his set. A cocktail waitress approached me and started to make small talk (the song ended, three more minutes or so and I would be up). I told her this was my first time and she said she would give me a dollar. The song ended. As I watched X-Rated pick up his dollars, it hit me; I had no idea how to dance appropriately. I had no plan at all. What the hell was I going to do? A cold sweat broke out all over my body.

"Just relax," I thought. "Sweat will be fine; it's sexy. Looking shiny and slippery is sexy." I had not really practiced at all. Sure I'd humped the ground a couple of times, but I was pretty sure that I was fucked.

The announcer's voice boomed over the intercom "Alright, let's give it up for Jaaaaramey." I remember thinking, "Maybe they'll play good songs, and it will just come to me."

"Two trailer park girls go round the outside, round the outside, round the outside." Eminem, yep I was fucked.

I walked up the steps and stood on the stage. Surveying my audience I saw about twenty women (good, women are good). Most of them in their forties (that's ok I guess, older women have more money). I started to dance.

I kept telling myself, "Don't be yourself, don't be ridiculous, dance normal, get dollas."

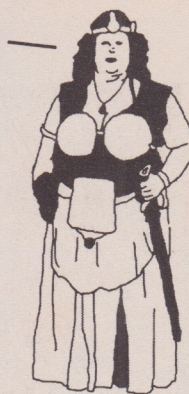
After about a minute fear struck. "They are not digging me," I

thought. "Time to take it all off." The shirt came off. *Bam!* Next: the belt. *Bam!* I unbuttoned my pants and started to slide them off but they didn't fit over my well-laced wrestling shoes. This was not sexy at all. I sat down on stage and had to ask a couple of girls to help pull my pants off in a sexy French accent (not on purpose, that's just how I talk when I get nervous). When the song came to an end, I had already taken off all of my clothes. I was already out of ideas, and I had two more songs to go! I blew my proverbial load way too soon. I wanted to quit, I wanted to act silly and dance funky, I wanted to do a country jig, anything but try to dance sexy on that stage.

Cougar was watching me in the audience. He was trying to tell me to loosen up and to not give myself the thumbs up as I was dancing. Finally the songs came to an end. I picked up my money (about ten dollars) and went back to the dressing room. As I sat down a wave of relief washed over me. I had danced, felt that it didn't go very well, but I did it. Now I had nothing to lose. I threw on the OR scrubs and watched Cougar. The man was amazing. This is what he was born to do. He could hump the ground like a champ, crawl sexy toward the women and execute the worm with staunch precision.

My next time up was easy. My nerves were gone and I let loose. I danced silly but it was better than what I had done before. The girls were digging it and the dollas started coming in. I was doing it. It was fun. I wasn't thinking about much. Then, by my third time up, it hit me. There were mirrors all around and I caught a glimpse of myself...*BOOYAH!*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
'Cause I'm bad like fuckin Pam Grier.



The Passion of the Kevin Smith And the Resurrection of Ben Affleck

by Sam Kuhlmann

All first-rate super villains suffer from loss. Magneto lost his parents, Lex Luther his hair; so, what is Kevin Smith missing? His latest film, *Jersey Girl*, is being released in mid-March and I just saw the trailer. It reeks of a sappy letter to some lost lover; it's dripping with mushy devotion and gushing pleas for tenderness. It's as if Mr Smith is longing for something or someone. What's missing in Mr Smith's life? Not a family, not a successful career, not a meal. Oh, I know, he's missing Ben Affleck's cock. Off making blockbusters with Jennifer Lopez, Mr Affleck hasn't had much time for his old friend. Kevin Smith has a void where his ass is, and it yearns to be full of Affleck. I am proposing that the trailer for *Jersey Girl* exposes Mr Smith's carnal urge for the whiskers on a certain dimpled chin to scramble his eggs.

Even to the casual observer, it's apparent that, while fully aware of their superficiality, Kevin Smith envies Ben Affleck's alpha-male qualities. It's similar to how people from New Jersey envy people in New York. In just a couple of years Mr Affleck rose from unknown frat-boy to Hollywood idol. He was making millions of dollars per movie, romantically linked to the super-star babe Jennifer Lopez, and on the cover of *GQ* magazine. Yeah, fucking *GQ*! Affleck became the ultimate male, what's not to envy?

All super villain style, Mr Smith has concocted a diabolical plot to foil the super man's place at the top. We can easily unmask this plan with a careful viewing of the *Jersey Girl* trailer. The first third of the trailer presents Mr Affleck's character, Oliver, as a replica of the actor in real life. Oliver is presented as a smooth operator, a mover and shaker. He appears to be a king in the workplace. His hair is slicked back and he wears an expensive suit while he leans back to prop his feet up on his desk. What's more is that he has a beautiful wife, played by Jennifer Lopez. Oliver is Ben. All of these qualities are superficial, but Mr Smith presents them in a flattering light; the voiceover even states, "he had everything he could ever want." Mr Smith can't hide his admiration for the character and, in turn, for Mr Affleck.

The trailer soon takes a turn, however. It becomes evident that



Ms Lopez's character dies in childbirth and a distraught Oliver eventually loses his job. He has to move back to New Jersey, learn to be a good father, forget about his old life and start to live again. It all reeks of the WB's *Everwood* to me, but that's not important. What is important is that, with a well-aimed death beam, Mr Smith has stripped Oliver/Affleck of all of the superficial, material characteristics.

Mr Smith's true purpose, well beyond simple ego destruction, is revealed in the last third of the trailer. We see Oliver open his heart to a new love. The shots alternate between Oliver romancing his daughter, Gertie, and the Liv Tyler character, Maya, romancing Oliver. Mr Smith, using the powers of the cinema,



Kevin Smith is the jersey girl

has transubstantiate himself into characters in his own film (the actual Jersey girls, Gertie and Maya). That's the rub; Kevin Smith *is* the Jersey girl. Clues in the trailer point toward this leap of faith; Maya works in a video store (a film lover like Smith), and Gertie wears a huge hooded sweatshirt (practically Smith's uniform). Smith wants to alternately romance and be romanced by Ben Affleck.

The logical conclusion of this romance is carried out in one of the last shots of the trailer. Oliver and Maya are getting busy in the shower (hot and heavy stuff), when they suddenly scream as little Gertie interrupts them. Mr Affleck has, in effect, engaged in a sex act with Kevin Smith, as both Maya and Gertie are stand-ins for the director. Because Gertie is Oliver's daughter her intrusion into the sex act indicates the perversion. Oliver is aghast when he sees his daughter while engaged, just as Ben is aghast when he realizes the larger situation—I mean, sex with a man! Yikes! But the next shot shows all three characters discussing the situation, and all seem happy. Kevin Smith wrote a happy ending into his plan. He hopes that Ben Affleck will accept the intrusion (that being the penis) and follow his heart.

It's true that the trailer could be seen as a simple fable or lesson for Oliver/Affleck; if you want to be happy lose the superficial stuff and find what is truly important in life. Yet, the sexual aspect of Kevin Smith's desire becomes quite obvious if only a few simple threads are traced. (But don't get too excited, it's way to late to save Mr Affleck from certain anal doom.)

History is one such thread. In Kevin Smith's *Mallrats*, Mr Affleck's character has a proclivity for anal sex, hmm? In *Chasing Amy*, Mr Affleck gets a lesbian to fall in love with him; he has the virility to sway sexual orientation in his favor (that's better than x-ray vision). Smith has always relied on a bevy of gay jokes (as has this article, but that doesn't mean anything, ok?). Furthermore, Smith undoubtedly got a boner during that part of *Dazed and Confused* when O'Bannon makes Hirschfelder squeal like a pig.

These alone do not unequivocally prove the existence of sexual

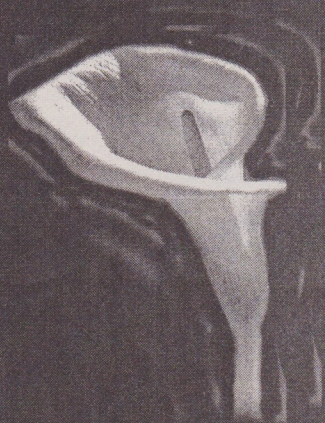
desire. Freud tells us that sexual appetite originates from a loss. When breast-feeding has concluded a child misses the stimulation that it provided. An appetite for said stimulation arises. Freud asserts that the arousal is of a sexual nature and, therefore, the mouth is the first erogenous zone. That, in simple terms, is the oral stage of sexual development. Subsequent developmental phases involve anal and then genital stimulation. Kevin Smith has made his way through the first two phases and seems poised to take on the dick. Silent Bob is almost never seen without a cigarette in his mouth; text book oral fixation. I think the above history exposes Mr Smith's proclivity for anal titillation. As *Jersey Girl* announces a new stage in Kevin Smith's filmmaking career, the first View Askew film without Jay and Silent Bob (another loss), so does it announce Smith's awakening into the phallic stage of his sexual development. Ben Affleck is said phallus. *

Kevin Smith made *Jersey Girl* as a reflection of his deepest desire. He wanted Ben Affleck to stop his traipsing around Hollywood blockbusters with Jennifer Lopez. As of this writing, it appears that Mr Affleck has broken up with Ms Lopez and his last two Hollywood movies have flopped (*Gigli* and *Paycheck*). Will the rest of Mr Smith's evil plan come to fruition? Will Ben fall hopelessly in love with Kevin? Will that shower scene be repeated with the real Kevin Smith, morning in and morning out? Will hunting for a feel good movie pan out for Mr Smith? Or will Matt Damon, faster than a speeding bullet, swoop in, bitch Slap Kevin Smith and take Ben off into the sunset? 

*Unused gay jokes:

- Sure Lopez is a woman, but all anyone speaks of is that ass.
- Where's Matt Damon to hunk-up a picture when you need him?
- Ben Assfleck.
- Jersey Girl* will be Kevin Smith's *Star Wars I*, Ben Affleck his Phallus Menace.

silk flowers

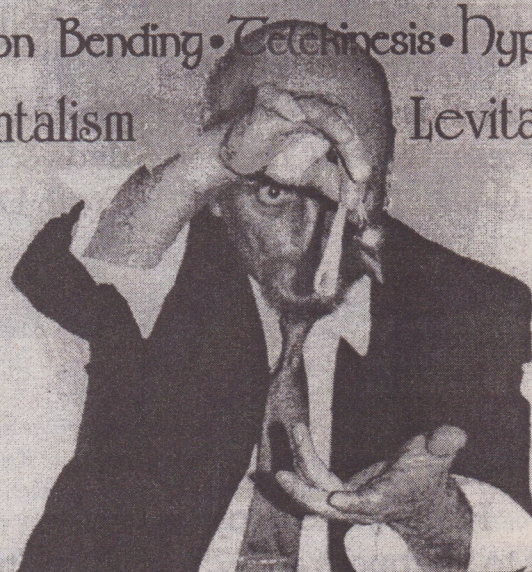


**not worth mentioning
i love the sea**

7" single out now on postneo
available through www.disgruntledmusic.com

The One and Only DAVID
Mind Over Matter

Spoon Bending • Telekinesis • Hypnosis
Mentalism • Levitation



Appearing Live at: Cafe' Belissimo
Thursdays 7-9 PM
22458 Ventura Blvd - Woodland Hills
David (818) 341-4063

...because you can't be naked all the time

abagnale
clothing co.

chicago's finest fashions / for all of your boys and girls needs

for more info: abagnaleclothing@hotmail.com



Interview

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy Is Will Oldham Is A Total Asshole

Will Oldham doesn't like to be interviewed. That's just about all you ever hear about the dude. We were nervous to interview him because, well, because we thought he'd be exceedingly crotchety. We expected him to tell us to shove whatever was handy up our asses. "You can take that tape recorder and shove it up your ass!" for example. But he seems to have unnecessarily gotten a bad rap. As I see it, talking about oneself is often painful unless you're chatting with friends or are a big asshole. Will was doing neither. The interview jumps around a bit because we talked for awhile and had to cut a lot (who wants to read unabridged transcripts of meeting people?). At one point, as Sam pointed out his nervousness at talking about his own filmmaking on tape, Will gave us a knowing glance. It's a pain in the ass to describe art, especially if it's your own. Enjoying art, on the other hand, is usually pretty simple, you do or you don't. Attempting to assign some definite validity to something is often counterproductive.

Mr. Oldham has a new album out under his alias, Bonnie 'Prince' Billy (*Best Palace Music* on Drag City). It's basically country music, and he's a damn fine songwriter. They're all songs that he's recorded before in his various "Palace" titled bands. All these different names names he uses become pretty confusing. I think maybe we're supposed to pretend that his name's actually Bonnie 'Prince' Billy. Let's all promise not to let him know that I tipped you off (we'll have to only talk about it in folded notes). He paid for our beers. Yup, he's a prince after all.

Andrew: We don't have a lot of interview stuff planned. We were hoping we could just bullshit a bit.

Will Oldham: Sounds good.

Andrew and Sam: [extended yammering...]

[Will asks us about the magazine...]

S: Are you doing any acting anymore?

No, not really. But this guy sent me a script recently and said that he wants me to play something.

S: You might do it?

Maybe.

S: You just do it for friends now? Like *Julien Donkey-Boy*...?

Yeah. Just for friends.

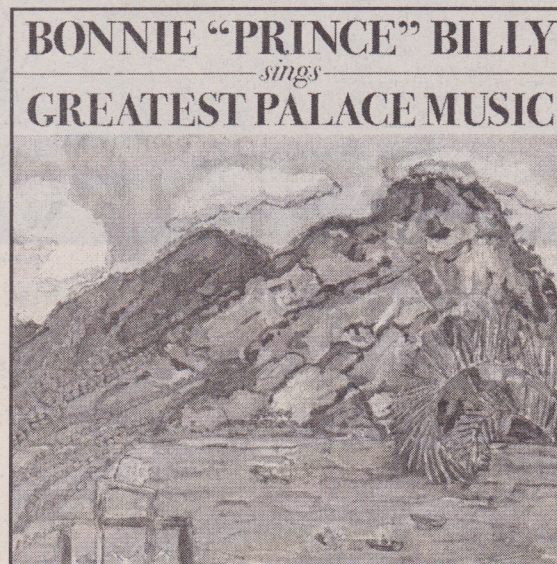
S: I don't know...(nervous laughter)...um, in the Jessica McLure story [*Everybody's Baby: The Rescue of Jessica McClure*, a 1989 TV movie about the girl that fell in the well] you played Chip [Jessica's dad]...

Uh huh.

S: ...And she was the girl of the moment. And now there's this whole Elizabeth Smart thing...
Right.

S: ...And now I think you might be able to pull off the, uh...
...The kidnapper?

S: Yeah. The guy that kidnapped her...



(unenthusiastically)...Yeah...

S: I don't know if you've thought of that...

Haven't they already made at least one TV movie about that?

A: You could double-fist Coors the whole time.

Is that what [the kidnapper] did?

S: Actually, I think he drank MGD.

A: Have you seen the photos in the *Enquirer* or whatever with his arm around [Elizabeth Smart] at some house party? He's got an MGD in either hand.

Was she smiling?

Continued on next page...

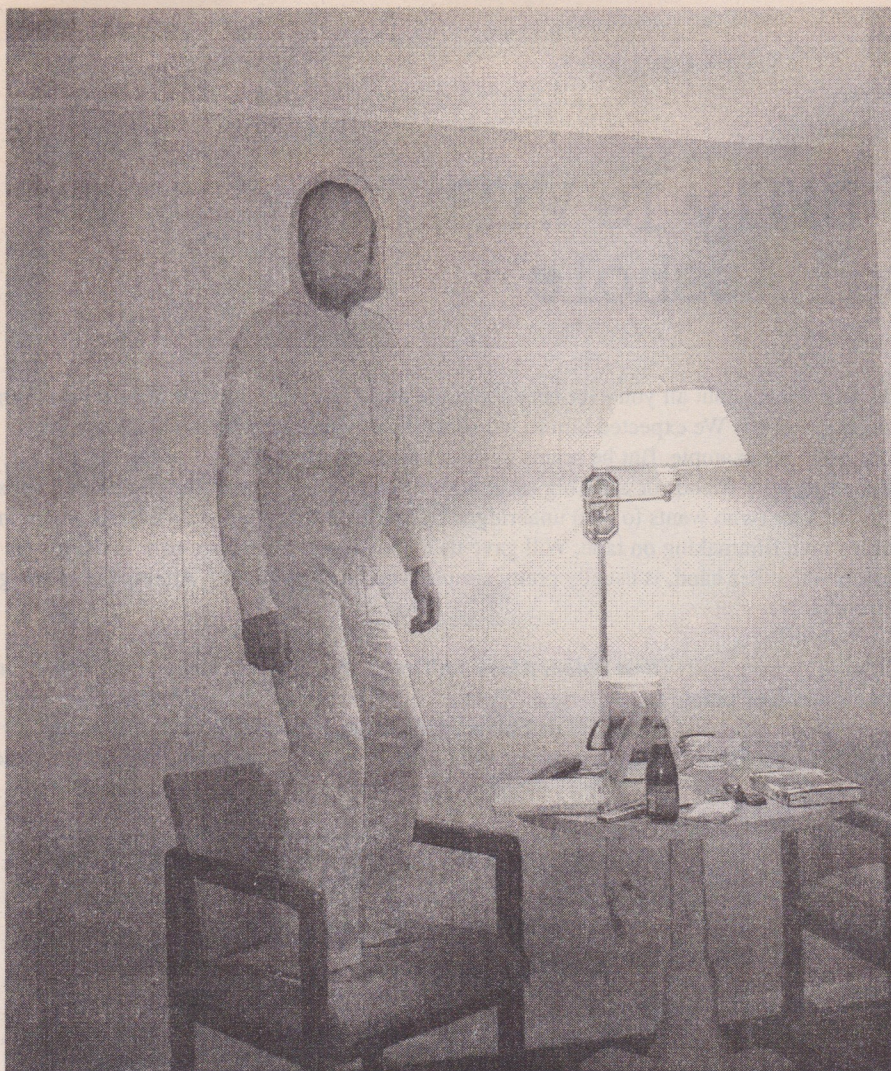


photo courtesy of Adm. Wiley Balls

S: You can't tell through the veil...
 ...So, you're heading to Japan?
 Yup.

S: You ever been there?
 I've never been there. You?

S: No.
A: I've never been there either.

S: Ever since *Lost In Translation*, though, it's the place to go.
 Yeah. (laughs) Have you seen *Lost In Translation* recently?

S: Yeah, I've seen it a couple times. I love it.
 There's real people in there, you know? Like Charlie...

S: Which one's he?
A: The friend guy. The crazy friend [that takes them around the city].
S: Yeah, yeah, yeah.
 People say he's playing himself. He's friends with Spencer Sweeney who I'm going on this tour with. And when Spencer goes over there, he hangs out with Charlie. He's been to that apartment where they smoke pot.

A: Does he say he's really that wild?
 Yeah, yeah. [I think he quotes something from the movie here, but I can't understand it from the tape].

[Wrap up of next few minutes: Will and his band will be in Japan for twelve days and are getting rail passes. We talk for awhile about how foreign railroads often kick the shit out of the American rail system. None of us know enough about railway privatization proposals to form much of a solid opinion...After Will leaves LA, he's going to Vegas. He'd like to catch a Gladys Knight show...We talk about live music in LA and Louisville (where Will lives)...We start on the loads of interviews he's been doing for the new album...]

S: You wanna talk about interviews a little? Since we're doing an interview, and it'll make this a little reflexive?
 Sure, give it a go.

S: I've been reading tons of interviews with you these past few days. And every time, in the intro and the first few questions, it's like, "Will Oldham hates giving interviews," and "blah blah blah"....[stammering]

A: I think what Sam is trying to say is: Why do you think people are so obsessed with the fact that you don't like to do interviews?

My quick and easy answer is that, people who write for a living have to write about something. When they get to work, they think, like, "How am I going to fill my column space." You know, "I need to have a couple issues; I need to have an intro; I need to have a thesis; I need it to go somewhere." You know? So they just fill it up with whatever they can. And usually it's something easy that they've read somewhere else. You know, that's why most record reviews are completely useless...

A: Cause it's someone just comparing the music to some other music...

But it's also someone just trying to do their job; they don't really

care about the record. It's like, "My job is to write something about this record. It doesn't matter if it's good, bad...I don't have to think about it. All I have to do is make it look good, good copy. And, fuck the record. If it's good or bad, it doesn't matter. All that matters is that I get paid. And keep my job." That is all that matters...(a Bjork song comes on)...I like this song.

[We listen and talk about Bjork a bit. Oldham toured with her.]

A: We're you not a fan of hers before you went on tour with her.

No, I'm not a fan like *(laughs)*, I don't own all her records. But I like her a lot. I've never sat down and listened to her records, but there's a weird ambiguity to them...I think I bought her first two records on used cassette and listened to them four, five, six times and said, "Okay, I've heard it." The quality is so good, but there's something weird about them. It's like *(pointing to pastries in the case next to us)* those are all really good, but could I eat them all right now? I mean they're the best. They're amazing. But it sort of feels like, after flipping through the third time, "Whoa, I am stuffed!" But it wasn't like that live. I think one of the things is, she does everything so great, that you say, "I can't argue with it. This is great." It doesn't leave much room for me because I'm not great. As a listener, I'm pretty imperfect. It's so perfectly done...

S: How do you think about that as a songwriter. I've never even thought of that. How do you think about giving something to somebody...?

See, I know something's wrong with it right away.

A: *(to Sam)* How do you think about that when you're making films?

S: Yeah, I know there's something wrong, but I'm not very good at being able to say that.

That's the thing. You can go and, like, knowing everything that's wrong, say, "Well, it doesn't matter because I'll go and fix it with my next movie. But I'm looking forward to this next part that I know is good."

A: And do you not think that Bjork looks at it that way?

No, I don't think so. I think that she takes the time to do everything so that it's all great.

A: Do you think that [Bjork's] more like a mathematical mind? Because they say that, like, classical composers have more mathematical minds. Rather than creating music as they go along, they see it as a whole piece.

No, because I don't think that she's that kind of a control freak. I think she's amazing. I think she really values the contributions of everyone she works with. So, in that way, she can't prepare in advance for how something's going to sound, but she does know at the end if it's exactly what she wanted. It's not mathematical like that. It's mathematical with giving an allowance for a variable, for chaos, and saying, "That is included in my equation." It's mathematical, like making everything fit perfectly together.

A: Did you meet Matthew Barney [Bjork's old man, a sculptor and the critically lauded creator of the Cremaster film series. He used to be a jock, but decided to be an artist. Laser

disks of his films sell for hundreds of G's]?
Yeah.

A: Is he nice?

Yeah, very nice. *(laughs)* Toward the end of the tour, we had a show at this baseball diamond on Coney Island. And there was this party afterwards. It was sort of arranged by Matmos *[art musician dudes]*. It was a theme party, where you were supposed to pick one of your favorite songs, bring a CD of it and dress as the song. And then Matmos would call your name and play your song. And you'd go up and have to perform it. That was the first time I met Matthew Barney. He was totally just like, "Dude..." He handed me a drink. He was just like, American dude with a drink. He could be your older brother.

A: What was your song?

Well, I didn't have my whole record collection, so I chose Bobby Bland's "Little Boy Blue". I wore this *(points to blue sweatshirt)* and some blue sweatpants to match.

S: Is that [sweatshirt] from the press photo of you?
Exactly.

S: That's a great photo, man.

It's a self-portrait with a timer.

A: Yeah, I was wondering, because I saw the photographer's name, and I was wondering if it was you.

What was the name?

A: I don't remember. It sounded like a created name.

There's one photographer name that I use, which is Admiral Wiley Balls...

(laughter) **A:** That's it!

S: What did Matthew Barney go as?

He didn't. But Bjork did America, "Horse With No Name". She had a big horse head, and it was really really great because it was inter-cut with another song. Matmos would mix the songs in and out. She would dance to "Horse With No Name" with the horse's head, and then they'd mix the other song. I can't remember what it was, maybe some punk rock song. And she'd thrash all around, and they'd mix it back down. Yeah, it was really good and fun...And then I ended up going to a barbecue at [Bjork and Barney's] house. Oh yeah, and *(laughs)*, at one point there was this freak-out commotion. I was standing in the kitchen and Bjork came down. I was like, "What's wrong, what's wrong?" And she says, "[Matthew]'s got a tick!" They live in New York, and there's bad Lyme's Disease there, so they thought that he had a deer tick on his head. And he's looking for a utensil to get it off. And she's says to me, "Do you know anything about ticks?" "Yeah," [I said]. "Have you had one?" "Yeah." You know, I've had forty or fifty ticks. *(laughs)* And she says, "Will you look at it?" And I went up and looked—all these people are gathered around his head, which was almost shaved...And David Byrne was standing right there...So I look...*(laughs)*...And I was just like, "Dude...It's a zit." *(laughter)*





Central City Transmission

Interviewed by Ali Rashidi

Central City Transmission's gritty, jangly, reverbed-up guitars fuse with dual male and female vocals and a stripped-down, swinging rhythm section to create an undeniably rockin' blend that is a fusion of London, New York and Los Angeles post-punk as much as it harkens the proto-punk genius of the Modern Lovers. CCT is a five-piece powerhouse that includes Lowell Abelon on bass, Brian Watson on drums/percussion, Dan Sutti on guitar, and vocalists Jacqueline Santillan and Brett Schultz, who also handle piano/organ, and guitar, respectively. March 15 marks the release of their Incommunicado EP on Kapow Records. So do yourself a favor and pick up a copy. We had questions for CCT. they had answers.

Brief history of the band & how CCT came together.

JACQUELINE: Brett kidnapped us all.

BRETT: CCT didn't really get rolling until Dan moved to Los Angeles from London. Before that, it was very much a stop-start, revolving-door ordeal. Once Dan joined up, we practiced for about three or four months before our first show, which was at the old Grand Royal Studios in January 2003.

LOWELL: That was a hot, sweaty, sultry summer evening. Everything previous to the moment that we hit the stage seemed like an endless running joke in a shitty comedy routine. My hair was bushing up like steel wool from all the humidity, Jacqueline had overdressed, making the rest of us look like homeless scrubs rummaging through our guitar cases for spare crumbs to munch on. Brett had anticipated more ladies in the audience and his thong underwear peaking through the top of his low cut jeans wasn't impressing anyone but a few of the "fellas" in the audience. Dan was foregoing underwear all together, as per usual, but this time his pants were cut way too low, and you couldn't tell if a girl with 38 triple D implants was coming, or if Dan was going. As if that wasn't enough, Felix [our former drummer] was wearing clam diggers while from all estimation, we had to be at least seventeen miles from the closest beach.

But everything was going so well up on stage, it was like we were strippers and some old sugar daddy had come in, raining five dollar bills all over us. Afterwards, we quickly got our disheveled selves off the stage, while the three guys left in the audience gave us courtesy claps, not realizing they'd just witnessed pornography.

How does the LA-NY connection work out? [Brett lives in NY, while the others live in LA.] Taxing on the band?

LOWELL: Well, on March 10, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell called Watson on this thing he invented called a telephone. Watson showed it to us and we've been using it ever since. It's pretty relaxing and not taxing.

JACQUELINE: For me the LA-NY situation was hard at first. I missed

playing with my band and on a personal level I think we all missed Brett. I thought it would be the end of CCT which broke my heart since I was so proud of the EP we had just finished recording. As it's turning out I'm glad to see that everyone is still very enthusiastic about this project and still very committed to it. I'm fortunate to be in a band with a bunch of responsible and smart people who make things happen regardless of the circumstances. I'd say the most taxing thing is not being able to play together year-round, but I'm optimistic that we'll make the most of it and am impressed by everyone's dedication thus far.

Doesn't NY foster a scene that's more conducive to your band's music? Or do you think that being a part of the LA scene gives you greater exclusivity, in that there aren't as many bands playing your type of music?

LOWELL: While I feel NY fosters a scene that's more conducive to our band's music, I think being a part of the LA scene gives us greater exclusivity, in that there aren't as many bands playing our type of music.

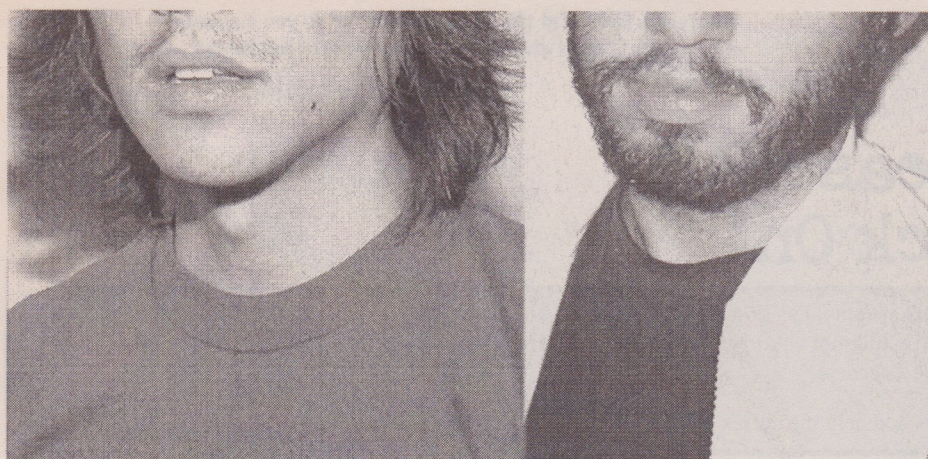
Where would you rather play, LA or NY? Anywhere else you'd like to play?

BRETT: I love playing in LA. So many supportive people. Playing New York was wild too.

DAN: Yeah, it's totally wacky here in LA. You can be in a band and smash a bottle on someone's face and people will still be supportive.

LOWELL: I would rather play NY. Everything is sexier in NY. Even Brett.

JACQUELINE: It may be a case of the "grass is always greener" with me right now, but I noticed an energy and enthusiasm for local music in New York that I don't feel here. I mean our friends and friend's bands are always supportive and awesome but I think in general NY seemed a bit more impassioned by it's local noise makers. From random strangers to people we'd known only days I just felt a lot of love there. Maybe it was all the alcohol.



pics from LtoR: Watson (drums); Jacqueline (keyboards,vocals); Dan (guitar); Lowell (Bass); Brett (guitar, vocals); alked-up CCT concert-goer (tall boy)



LOWELL: -The alcohol, and Brett. Sexy, Sexy Brett.

Did you use any special techniques recording the EP to give it the kind of garagey, vintage sound? Did things turn out exactly the way you wanted them to, or were there surprises along the way? Give recording details—when, where, with whom, how long it took. How'd you hook up with Gabriel Hart from The Starvations?

LOWELL: Brett totally bought a Kama Sutra how-to video before we recorded so that he could use special techniques in the studio. I gotta say, it improved his stamina.

DAN: I think Mike just forgot to turn off the baseball game that he was listening to on the radio.

LOWELL: Well, the technique I used to give it that garagey, vintage sound was to take a shitload of drugs like they did in the 60's and I wore paisley shirts, tight trousers, and Beatle-boot roach kickers. And also, if I fucked up, I kept it and just make sure that I always play the song with that fuck up now. It's scientifically proven that if you do these things, you'll get a garagey, vintage sound. The Count Five did the exact same thing, and so did the Music Machine, the 13th Floor Elevators, and the Status Quo. And again, we did the telephone thing to "hook up with Gabriel Hart"... and boy did we hook up with Gabriel Hart.

JACQUELINE: I find you can really separate the mice from the women when you're told you only have two in-tune octaves on the piano that you can use. Still, I loved the piano at the Distillery and the entire recording experience. Mike is great to work with. My vocals were the most awesome thing to do. At one point I sent all the boys out and it was just Mike and I really fine tuning my parts, screaming at each other, brandishing fists, pushing it to the limit! It was intense.

How about your equipment? Is it all vintage stuff?

WATSON: All my drums are vintage civil war era drums. In fact my snare drum was used by Willie Johnston, drummer of Company D, 3rd Vermont Volunteer Infantry who also was the youngest person to ever receive the medal of honor at age 12.

JACQUELINE: Vintage is hard to carry. These days I'm using my old Alesis keyboard as a controller and accessing sounds from my laptop. And since Robert Smith was my first obsession circa the sixth grade I'm very proud to say that I use a Roland JC120 like he does. Still obsessed!

You mentioned that people have compared you to Psychedelic Furs, Television, The Jam, and Modern Lovers. Do you hear any resemblance between your band and these bands? At the outset of the band, was there anyone that you wanted to emulate, or at least use elements of their music?

BRETT: I think some of those comparisons are a stretch but not totally off the mark. I mean, we're drawing from a lot of the Ruby Records bands, Rough Trade bands, Flying Nun bands...It's a total hodge-podge obviously but I think that gives our sound its character. Really, though, everybody in the band has pretty different tastes.

LOWELL: Yeah, Jacq likes sweet, Dan likes sour, Brett likes bitter, Watson likes salty, Felix likes fishy, and I like Del Taco.

JACQUELINE: I think this sound is really a make up of all of our individual sounds. We've all got our own tastes and styles and we're lucky it all works well together. For some strange reason it's so easy for me to write with Brett or add a melody to one of his progressions.

Any side projects? How about previous bands?

WATSON: California Ghostbusters.

BRETT: My NY band is called Woman.

LOWELL: Yeah, and it's one of those totally ironic bands where they're all dudes, but have a feminine name.

BRETT: Kind of like Lowell's new band, We Have Penises. Ironic, because they all have a silky smooth patch of skin where their genitals should be.

LOWELL: Well, I'm still in this band called the Stupor Stars. The Stupor Stars love Mexican food, so we play Mexico City every other year. I was also in this sweet band called Eunich-Horn, but we didn't get much play, so we disbanded.

JACQUELINE: Gabe and I loved each other musically so much that we decided to start a casual side project for all of our songs that didn't find homes in the Starvations or CCT. We also recruited Jorge and Kevin from The Red Onions. So far so good.

www.centralcitytransmission.com

Puzzler

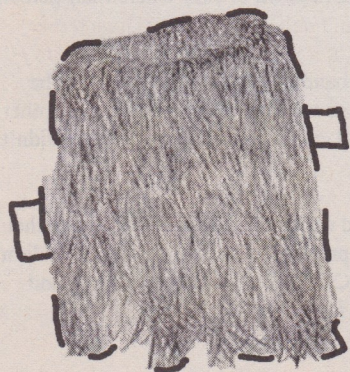
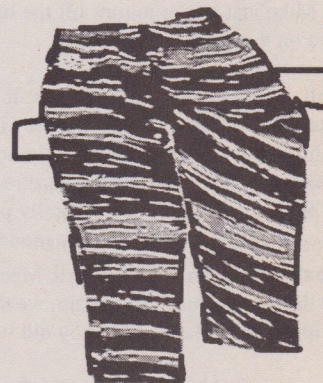
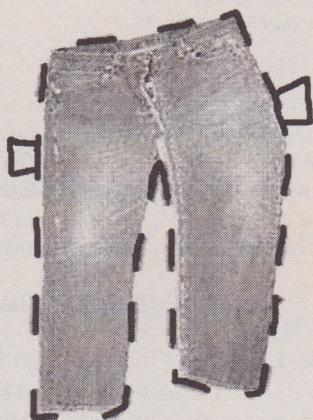
Whatever, Evan. I'm the Dungeon Master so you can *auta miqula orqu*. That's elvish for 'go kiss an orc', buttwhipe.



Mr. Brokaw, Please Put Your Pants Back On!

It seems The Greatest Generation has skipped its meds again and is rambling around the TV room taunting the quilting ladies; "We interrupt your regular programming for this breaking news. My pants have been taken hostage by the Lebanese!"

Get out your scissors and help the nurses get Tom Brokaw clothed and sedated.



Record Reviews

We'll review anything. Send official releases, demos, cassettes, whatever to:

Fran Magazine
511 N. Kenmore, Suite 103
Los Angeles, CA 90004

We'd love to get more 7"s and hip hop



Chromatics Plaster Hounds GSL



It is hard to deny that Chromatics make challenging music. It is most frequently categorized as Post Punk. However, it quite frankly defies genre-fication. Sure there are the inevitable comparisons to bands from the seventies like Suicide or Silver Apples, but those bands are not exactly household names for most listeners. With little to no clear structure, most of their songs are difficult rides. The vocals are distorted, the drums are distant, and the whole album feels as if it were recorded in an empty warehouse. What separates *Plaster Hounds* from much of the recent garage rock revival albums, however, is the experience. Although just over thirty minutes in its entirety, *Plaster Hounds* is worth the investment. The sparse production actually engages, rather than repels the listener. Tracks like "Garden" and "24/23/22/21" represent considerably tighter compositions to the album's overall loose and muffled feel. As 1981 cycles back on us, there are a handful of bands that are infusing new sound into recycled style. *Plaster Hounds* is an album that has been undeniably influenced, yet manages to bring something new to the table. 4 out of 5.

—Douglas

Long Since Forgotten Standing Room Only RocketStar Recordings



What Syracuse, New York-based emo rockers Long Since Forgotten lack in originality, they make up for with abundant clichés. Let's face it, it isn't easy to be like every other band, but against the odds, LSF manages to find a way to do it. And they do it well. While vocalist Josh Coy is a capable singer, he is an even more capable whiner. Fortunately, this is not only an encouraged characteristic, it is essential to the emo genre. Along with schoolgirl lyrics, the songs must all sound the same. In that regard, *Standing*

Room Only delivers. A sampling of the lyrics reveal, "Slow down, don't drive so fast! You're scaring me when you scream, 'I don't care if I crash this thing tonight, a sudden stop is something like change'". I don't know what this means, but if this strikes you as poetic, this album is for you. "Waiting For You" stands out as a possible hit, but then again maybe the rest of the songs do too. When it comes to emo, don't hate the player, hate the game. 1.5 out of 5.

—Douglas

The Femurs S/T Homespun Records



The Femurs are a two-piece power pop band from Seattle. They describe themselves as being similar to The Ramones and Pixies, but I hear early Weezer more than anything else. Their electric stuff sounds like what I like to think of as modern-day wall of sound. You can hear the individual instruments and vocals, but they all come together and push forward in constant explosions of sound. You know that Blink 182 song, "Stay Together for the Kids"? Don't be a hater. That's what I'm talking about.

I like the acoustic stuff better, though. It's super poppy, but there's really no production—it's just a dude and his guitar mostly. And he sells that shit. It sounds decidedly like Cali-pop. If my friends and I knew the lyrics, we might sing along with them, as we drove out to the beach to look at hunks. My favorites are the few acoustic songs with handclaps and added percussion; it lends them a bit of a world music, Paul Simony flavor.

—Krystlof

Various anticon label sampler: 1999 – 2004 anticon



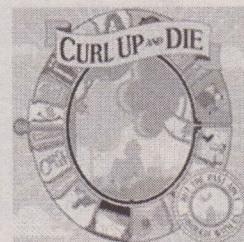
There is a reason why there are piles of compilation albums in the used bins

of your local record store.

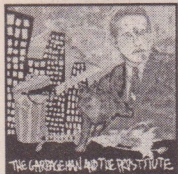
They typically suck. Rarely does a record label have a catalogue strong enough to support a collective album of singles by their various artists. The exception to this rule is the *anticon* label sampler: 1999-2004. *anticon* is more of a collective, than a label. Made up of eight MCs and producers—Alias, Doseone, Jel, Odd Nosdam, Passage, Sole, Pedestrian, and Why?—the collective has crafted not only a unique brand of hip hop, but a unique brand of music. The core of the *anticon* sound combines a stream of consciousness style of flow with organic and unusual beats. Using obscure samples, atypical time signatures and found audio recordings, the experimental beats are all over the map. The rhymes vary from beat poetry to underground anthems. The album contains thirty-three tracks that with three or four songs from each artist spread out across the whole. Don't be surprised if after listening to this sampler you end up purchasing their whole catalogue. 4.9 out of 5.

—Douglas

Curl Up and Die But The Past Ain't Through With Us Revelation Records



P.T. Anderson's *Punch Drunk Love* was more enjoyable than *Magnolia* because it was sincere. Both films demonstrate that life does not avoidable accidents. Yet, in *Magnolia*, the message is tainted with tongue-in-cheek and heavy handed religious overtones (a plague of raining toads, for instance). The piano incident in *Punch Drunk*, on the other hand, was understated, honest and quite lovely. *Curl Up and Die's* new EP, *But the Past Ain't Through With Us*, not only cribs its name from *Magnolia*, but it follows in *Magnolia's* aforementioned footsteps. The last song is even fourteen minutes long and sarcastically titled "God Is In Heaven, All Is Right With the World." All this being said, I didn't dislike the record, and particularly that song. It's epic and powerful, with a surge of sound that seems to belong in a Godspeed You Black Emperor song with its robust crescendos exploding into screams. Why the hell would a hard-core record be understated and lovely, anyway? What the



KILL ME TOMORROW
 "The Garbage Man and The Prostitute"
 CD+DVD/LP+DVD
 GSL77
 OUT NOW

CHROMATICS
 "Plaster Hounds"
 CD/LP
 GSL79
 OUT NOW



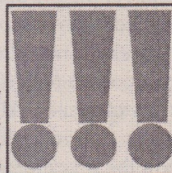
**Organically
 grown...**



OUT NOW
 GSL84
 Self-titled CDEP/12"
YEAR FUTURE



P.O. Box 65091
 Los Angeles, CA 90065
 GetGSL@aol.com
 Distributed by Mordam Records



OUT NOW
 GSL26
 Split EP - first time on CD
!!! and OUT HUD

*Wrangle the latest from
 Pete Brady and the Blazers*

MURDER BALLADS

PETE BRADY and The Blazers



Murder Ballads
 CD/LP (CR-78)

In record stores and Targets nationwide.

*Chippewa Records.
 Chicago, Illinois - 312.742.8209*



SEATTHOLE.com

**DO THE
 DAMN
 MATH!**

SHIRT SCREEN PRINTING | BAND MERCH | ETC.

**BUY 100 CUSTOM BLACK\$415
 SHIRTS FROM US***

**SELL THEM FOR TEN\$1,000
 BUCKS EACH**

YOUR PROFIT...\$685⁰⁰

Okay, so it's not really a proper equation. But you get the idea, right? Sell your band's shirts, make money.

*black shirts with white on one side

WWW.SEATTHOLE.COM

INFO@SEATTHOLE.COM | 360-733-2154

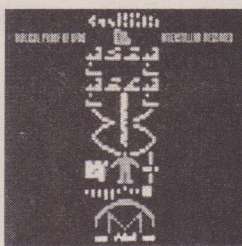


fuck am I talking about? If this album took its name from *Punch Drunk Love* it'd probably sound like a Billy Joel record.

—Kuhlmann

Biblical Proof of UFOs

Interstellar Messages
OTA Records



If you've ever been to a Guided By Voices show, you know that Robert Pollard can't finish a beer. He just can't do it. There are always at least fifteen mostly full MGDs lining the drum riser when he finishes a show. There's no point in trying to figure out why he opens them, but it's fun to wonder what becomes of them. One theory (mine) is that they are snatched up by members of other Midwestern bands in a desperate attempt to consume a small piece of his DNA. As if partaking in the indie rock communion for eternal salvation will catapult them in to the realm of critical acclaim. One such band that appears to have dranketh from the golden goblet is Cleveland's own Biblical Proof of UFOs. BPOUFO's new album contains twelve tracks of unbridled genero-rock of the most genre-specific kind. That being said, the album does contain some evidence that these guys are not afraid to rock. Unfortunately with lyrical depth like "I know what you're thinkin' about my smokin' and drinkin'", BPOUFO is probably best suited catering to the original "rock n' roll Cleveland!" crowd. 2.5 out of 5.

—Douglas

2Mex
2Mex
Paladin



I just got this CD today, and I'm writing the review in between designing pages, so I don't have much time to write a super detailed review or focus on individual songs. I've listened to it three times already, and it's great. It's 2Mex, you know? It takes awhile to learn which songs are your favorites; they're simply always all good. It's produced by Omid and Life Rexall, both of whom bring consistently quality shit, too. Their beats are diverse as hell. They both have their own distinctive styles, but it comes more from an interest in a variety of music and sounds than a decision to make one style

in particular.

2Mex has a killer flow—it's sorta Latin-style, I guess. I think of it as "laundry listing". He usually flows quickly through the first part of a line, then distinctly inflects the last word or two, creating beats with his flow alone. If a 2Mex album were lyrics only, it'd still be hard not to bop your head. (Oh, shit, that's right; he's already made one. It's called *Words Knot Music*. How cool is that shit?) Most of his lines come off as if they were all freestyles. You get the impression that he thinks in rhyme and might rap to himself the pros and cons of a situation to help decide the best course of action.

He seems like a super nice dude, too. He's like a dude you could go to the batting cages with or drive around with smoking joints and make fun of folks. His songs are about love and hate and rejection, about enjoying friends, partying and trying to figure out just what the fuck it's all about. Not that it hasn't been in the past, but LA hip-hop is so fucking good these days. It's party music, full of anger and endless grins. Let's support that shit.

—Hume

The Pale
Gravity Gets Things Done
Sidecho Records



The Pale play pop-indie music. It's the kind of stuff that you could imagine crossing over to soft rock radio or hearing on a WB show for teenagers. Simply put, it's well-written and catchy. It has some loud guitars, but I don't think anyone would describe it as heavy music. As indie-rock moves more into the mainstream, this kind of music will become the prototypical pop-rock. I like their songs with keyboards.

—Bundeaux

Papa M
hole of burning alms
Drag City

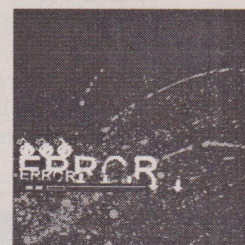


David Pajo is the Old Dirty Bastard of low fi indie rock. Creating music as M, Aerial M, M Is the Thirteenth Letter and now, Papa M. He can't seem to figure out what he wants you to call him. Equally confusing is the fact that he has been a part of considerably more bands than he has names. As a contributor to bands/artists such as Bonnie

'Prince' Billy, Stereolab, Slint, Tortoise, and ...ahem, Zwan, Pajo's contributions are hard to pinpoint. However, on the new singles collection *hole of burning alms*, it is confirmed that Pajo is as "multi talented" as he is "multi instrumental". The majority of the album contains instrumental tracks that begin with simple melodies and expand into much larger and more complex structures. As many of the tracks unfold they tend to be at times both hypnotic and engaging. Except for a brief sortie in to the land of electronica, the album is tied together very well. The highlight, however, comes with the inclusion of a rare vocal performance of The Misfits' "Last Caress" that contains a rare vocal performance. 3.5 out of 5

—Douglas

Error
S/T
Epitaph



Error is Atticus Ross (current Nine Inch Nails collaborator), his brother Leopold, and Brett Gurewitz of Bad Religion. Gregg Puciato of Dillinger Escape Plan sings on the EP. This relationship comes together as one might guess. Epitaph calls the music "electro-hardcore-punk" and says that it's a fusion of "some of the more extreme developments in electronic music within a traditional punk song structure". I don't really know shit about song structure, so we'll take their word for it. It mostly sounds to me like some of the faster stuff from Lords of Acid. I'd describe it as technindustrial. It's super fast and makes me feel happy from the cathartic bursts of anger it elicits. I imagine it being played at an evil underground sex/dance party on the outskirts of London. Everyone there would be bootlegging knives and sort of pretend to be friends. But they'd all have the unstated knowledge that the dude in the leather trench coat might sell them out at any moment for cash or, perhaps, the simple sadistic pleasure of seeing another suffer. Their drinks would glow green under black lights, and I think they'd smoke cigarettes with gold filters. The music's really good. I don't think I could listen to it all day long, but it's perfect for being somewhat intense, be it demonstrated through anger, violence or manic enthusiasm.

—Maresca

Continued on next page...

Bagheera
Twelves
Asian Man



I've heard this band compared to Mates of State a bit. They're similar, in that they both have a male and a female singer who harmonize together. If you like Mates of State, you'll probably like this pretty well. It's a bit more saccharine and, I think, too heavily produced. Sometimes they build up a good rock, though, which Mates of State don't do very well.

We always complain in this magazine about how it's lame to explain music by only comparing it to some other music, and I just did it. I hear hypocrites are the new garage rock, though, so it'll be nice when I get barrels of tail from writing this review.

—Hume

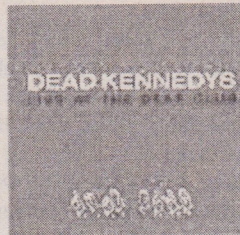
Eyedeas & Abilities
S/T
Rhymesayers



I've been listening to the new Eyedeas & Abilities record in the car on my trip between home (East Hollywood) and work (Burbank). I'd like to say that I can't get past song four because the drive doesn't take long, but that's not so. Traffic in Los Angeles is bad; d'you know that? Traffic's so bad that I have enough time to listen well past song four. But it's not what you think. Here's the punchline—song four is so damn good that I have to repeat it time and again, until my car is turned off. So, I can talk about track four. I mean, I've only really heard the first few seconds of song five and while songs one, two and three are on I'm kinda just thinking about how great everything will be once four plays. Track four is called "Exhausted Love". I like to think that it's about fighting against the comforts of complacency, and it's pretty much perfect. While Abilities' scratches are comparatively minimal on this one, his samples are delightful. A cute little piano riff tinkles in and out as if in conversation with Eyedeas's lyrics. My favorite lines so far are, "And everyday it gets less and less exciting/I would make a difference but I'm busy faking this, instead of trying," Oh yeah, and, "I guess I'm built to be intoxicated with hope/Sometimes it's a journey, sometimes it's just a bad joke," I usually rap those parts into the review mirror with a wicked sneer on my face.

—Kuhlmann

Dead Kennedys
Live at the Deaf Club
Manifesto Records



The Deaf Club was an underground club in San Francisco's Mission District founded by the manager of the Offs in 1978. The club was frequently booked for everything from birthday parties to concerts. *Live at the Deaf Club* is a recording of a complete show by The Dead Kennedys from March 3, 1979. Given the age of the recording and the less than ideal acoustics, the sound quality is pretty good. Along with standards like "Kill The Poor", "California Über Alles", and "Holiday in Cambodia", is the rare unreleased track "Gaslight". Given that the recent history of the Dead Kennedys has been marred by lawsuits and undeniable hatred between members, this album is also unique in that it offers a glimpse of what the band was at their cohesive best. This concert also happens to be their last performance ever with guitar player 6025. Fans of the Dead Kennedys will most certainly want to have this album for their collection. 4 out of 5.

—Douglas

Red-Eyed Legends
The High I Feel When I'm Low
GSL

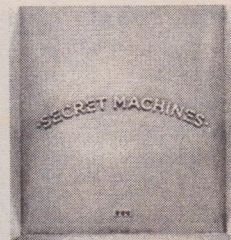


Red-Eyed Legends just put out an EP out on GSL called *The High I Feel When I'm Low*. I'm not totally sure what type of low they refer to, but the record reminds me of a hangover. Pounding bass and drums like a headache with lots of grating treble on the guitars and voice piercing my fragile ears. It exhibits a quality that makes it seem to be happening outside of the real world and only inside of my head. (Or maybe my speakers are just shitty, I'm not sure.) I don't mean to imply that listening to the record is an unpleasant experience. There is a certain beauty to existence that's revealed when it's viewed through dehydrated (red) eyes and a throbbing, alcohol-withdrawn brain. The second song on the record, "Hamlicus (super indoor version)", exemplifies this state of mind. The main guitar riff is the theme to Batman. It's repeated intermittently under layers and layers of synth-noise, a pulse altering bass drum, hazy jangles and echoes of voices. It's thick, cloudy, distant and numbing. Waves of the slightly familiar keep

crashing into something new. Maybe I'd feel normal if I could puke, but right now I just want to lie in my bed and stare at the ceiling.

—Bundeaux

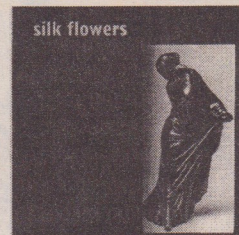
The Secret Machines
Now Here is Nowhere
Warner/Reprise



Throughout time there have been several secret machines that went on to change the face of history. Vibrators, Lojack, and the atom bomb to name a few. If ever there is a band that believes it can have an equivalent global impact, it's The Secret Machines. Their powerful psych rock sound has been impressing large crowds at small clubs for over two years, but their forthcoming major label debut, *Now Here is Nowhere*, is likely to catapult the band into public awareness. In contrast to their previously released EP, *September 002*, the tracks on this album come as close as possible to replicating the incredible energy of their live performances. Tracks like "First Wave Intact" and "Nowhere Again" represent the kind of driving guitars and heavy drums that keep crowds riveted during their live performances. Ironically, in a clear example of internet-boom era corporate mismanaging, it appears that Reprise has learned from their embarrassing and costly mishandling of the Wilco album and are now embracing the "the digital revolution". CDs will not hit stores for another month, but the album is now available for royalty free listening on the band's webpage as well as through the iTunes music store for a discounted price. 4 out of 5.

—Douglas

Silk Flowers
Not Worth Mentioning 7"
Postneo Music

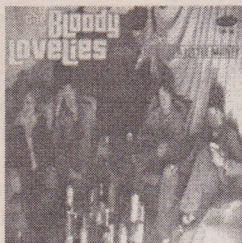


Silk Flowers is Jean-Paul Garnier from The Starvations. These two songs, "Not Worth Mentioning" and "I Love the Sea" are more or less country music. It's the kind of sound you get when someone that's mostly been a fan of rock music builds a love for country. It's like acoustic rock-a-billy; let's call it punk-rock-a-ramble-a-billy. Silk Flowers make the kind of music that I'd imagine Jim Jarmusch would've made pre-*Ghost Dog* as a fan of 1950's Sun Records

releases, who came up with seventies and eighties New York punk. These songs would've gone well in Mr Jarmusch's *Mystery Train* because they're all about how life is depressing and overwhelming. But what the fuck else are you gonna do but live it?

-Maresca

The Bloody Lovelies
Some Truth & A Little Money
 Cheap Lullaby Records



Let's start out by saying this album is perfect, if you want to show how sensitive and quirky you are while trying to get laid. Not bad but not great by any means. I've seen this band compared to McCartney, Lennon and Wainwright. But I think they sort of sound like Davey Jones covering Tori Amos. They've taken great cues from the likes of Jellyfish, The Grays, The Beatles, the aforementioned Monkeys and Imperial Drag with high pop standards and chops to match. All the musicians are quite accomplished, the production is excellent, in that "let's go to a pro studio and then try to sound like we've recorded on a 4-track in our garage," kind of sound. The first two tracks, "Hologram" and "You Don't Love Me", are really catchy and a great start, but by the time track six, "Lonely Town", came on, I kept hearing Manilow's "I Can't Smile Without You", and I kind of expected to hear the disturbing sounds of Captain and Tennille's Moog, rear its ugly head. But then again, my 5-year-old got up and air guitared to a few of the songs, albeit he was doing it to the piano parts.

-Nuno

Matt Besser
May I Help You [Dumbass]?
 Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre



Matt Besser, of the sketch comedy group, Upright Citizens Brigade (another one of those shows we all wish Comedy Central had kept going), had his phone number incorrectly listed on a tech support website for some kind of free internet connection. People with computer troubles would call his home phone, and he would pretend to try to help them. If life is ruled by the triumvirate of love, hope and making fun of people; Besser governs the third. He acts as an automated push button voice to one caller, who stays

with him into home state push choices and baseball team push choices, on through: "Press 1 for shirts; press 2 for pants...Press 1 for soap; press 2 for bed...Press 1 for 2; press 2 for 1." Confounded, the caller presses one last button before calling "the machine" stupid and hanging up. This CD is funny as hell, and I'd like to go on explaining my favorite tracks, but that'd be like running trading mp3's illegally. The CD is \$10 and available only from www.uprightcitizens.org and www.ucbtheatre.com.

-Hume

Sexual Vietnam
Sad Freaks of the Nation
 Blacksheep Music



Sexual Vietnam sound like a rained out barbecue. There's a reason to be bummed out, but all your friends are there. So, you forget about it and slap fives. They sound like Ben Harper played by a bunch of lovesick Spaniards with positive attitudes, and their interludes are like Angelo Badalementi outtakes from *Fire Walk with Me*. Their music would be good at a beach bonfire. It's mostly acoustic guitar driven, with some electric solos or classical picking over the top. The ones with drums and bass are like unplugged funk. Sexual Vietnam is essentially just Bob Lee, with a bit of help from his friends. This album isn't officially released, but if you email Bob at blkshpmzk@comcast.net, he'll find some way to get you a copy. And how about that name? It explains their music fairly well: good humored, slightly sad and spooky with lots of weed and passion. I'd like them to do a collab with Aceyalone, but they sound more like a band that Common would do something with.

-Maresca

Ee
Ramadan
 Asian Man



This is actually a re-release, and it was re-released months ago, so maybe it doesn't belong here at all. It's good old-fashioned studio indie rock, or headphone rock or whatever. Very calm, pleasant melodies. The album was originally released by Currycore Records in 2000 and went out of print after being sold only at shows. But Asian Man was 'bout it, all, "Fuck it! Let's release it all over

again!" They did that in December. I'm listening to it right now and enjoying it for the first time. I don't know anything about this band, aside from the facts that they're from San Francisco, have had multiple line ups and that this record has "the quality to both embrace and challenge the indie rock status quo" (from the press kit). This album's maybe a bit too mellow at times, but lots of people like their music mellow, and it's definitely much better than all that, "I'm sad, I'm mad. I play sweet progressions and sing for uncomfortable teens" bullshit that's somehow still being produced. I think *Ramadan* would be enjoyed by uncomfortable teens, too, but it doesn't pander to them. They could play it in their cars after a big fight with their friends. It'd mellow them out so they wouldn't get into cutting and all that terror. Or full-grown adults can listen to it with moderately priced wine.

-Krystof

Some Girls
All My Friends Are Going Death
 Deathwish



I listened to this album on big headphones, while driving winding canyon roads in a manual transmission, topless and barefoot. I'm a brilliantly amusing driver, but as I had no passenger to entertain, I was forced to box the steering wheel and yelp along with the vocals. It was one of those apt musical moments when life seems to follow sound. The day was bright and breezy, and I even had my shifting coordinated with the drum beats for awhile.

Some Girls is a bit of a side project made up of Wes Eisold from Give Up the Ghost, Rob Moran from Unbroken and Justin Pearson from The Locust. It more or less sounds like what you'd expect—loud and yelly. However, whereas the vocals generally keep with more current (whatever)—core style music (strong, guttural yells scattered with short, panicky shrieks), the music itself sounds a bit more influenced by metal than punk rock. I think they sound like Stormtroopers of Death, maybe.

Wow, I just read their lyrics and they're pretty fucking good—surprisingly tender, tiny poems. They all sorta end with punch lines—most are funny, but some are sad. But that doesn't matter to you because it's mostly impossible to understand what they're saying. I think they'd be great to see live, which is nice because then we can watch them play, instead of read them sing.

-Hume

Continued on next page...

Youth Gone Mad
Featuring Dee Dee
Ramone
Trend Is Dead



I know I'm supposed to really respect this album because Youth Gone Mad's Paul Kostabi has been making punk rock since the early 80's and, well, it's Dee Dee Ramone (and he's dead). Well, the guitar is actually generally pretty good. It sounds all fuzzy and whiny, sorta like DFL. But the rest is terrible. I mean, it sounds like children. The vocals are supposed to be all slobbery and sneery, but they come off as a grumpy granddad simply talking too loud. I'll say that I like Paul Kostabi's art right here. He painted what became the covers for Guns n' Roses's *Use Your Illusion* albums.

The lyrics on this album are incredibly asinine. They have a song called "Rock n Roll Vacation in L.A." and a song called "Horror Hospital," and they cover "Twist and Shout". The only happiness that could come from this album would be if it were made by your 12-year-old retarded godson. "Look at him! That's great. He used to just bark at leaves and shove his head into couch crevasses all day."

Some might find it nit-picky to poke fun of punk rock lyrics. Because punk rock's all about simplicity, really. But I can't help myself—I literally threw my hands up in the air and rolled my eyes as I listened to this in the car. Consider me red in the face if these lyrics are purposefully dumb. It is just a couple of buddies having fun, I guess. From "I Gotta Right to Love Her": "I gotta right to love her if I want to/But I need her badder than a Coca-Cola". From "Louse": "Shut up bastard, it's you I hate/Please get away from my face/Why don't you just run away?/Or else I'll punch your lights out/Bip bip, bop bop, in the dark/Bip bip, bop bop, you're not smart."

—Bundeaux

Azita
life on the fly
Drag City



This album is sort of loungey. It's piano rock, I guess—rolling piano with jazzy drums and bass. It's like the Peanuts song with electric piano, guitar solos and a beautifully deep and lusty woman's voice. Some of the lyrics are bizarre and keep with my image

of Azita as sorta feral and pleasantly crazed.

Listening to this album I get the impression that Azita Youssefi would be super fun and wild to hang out with. She seems a little bit nuts, but in a good way. Nuts like she doesn't give a fuck what one's reaction might be to whatever she's just done—she did it cause she wanted to, bitch. We'd probably go out and drink whisky and maybe smoke some hash and yell at each other for the sheer joy of it, call each other assholes or whatever until we were laughing up snot. She'd be really sweet and kick me in the ass playfully while I took my shot at pool. At some point, though, she'd suddenly get sick of me and tell me to go the hell home. I shouldn't let it hurt my feelings; it's just her way.

—Hume

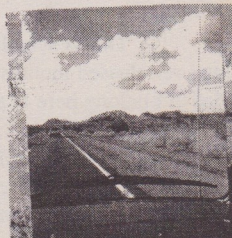
Coachwhips
Bangers vs. Fuckers
Narnack Records



Listening to this record is kind of like sex in the afternoon. It's only eighteen minutes long with a constant, speedy beat, and you'll be a little tired, laid back and happy after words. I'd say it's hot, sweaty and raw garage rock. Lo-fi, crackly guitars and vocals wheeze over the cymbal-thick, driving beats. Rumor has it that Coachwhips put on a great live show. The album actually includes an mpeg video of a show they're playing in someone's apartment. The audio isn't great, and it's kind of difficult to see the band because the cameraperson was pogoing in the back of the room the entire show. The distracting crowd makes it even harder to judge the performance. The camera picks up the audience much clearer than the band and there is this one dude that keeps bouncing in and out frame. This guy has some sort of bowling shirt on and looks a little bit like Fred Flintstone. He bops up and down, spinning and twisting his way around the other concertgoers, a true mover and shaker. If that guy is going to be at the next Coachwhips show watch out cause he'll sweat on you.

—Gibbler

The Best of Toe Tappin' Music
Live and In Studio
Volume 1



Toe Tappin' Music is a radio show

on KXLU (88.9 fm) that plays a lot of great classic country and contemporary, alternative country. This CD is a collection of live performances recorded on the show. DJ Cowboy Nick put the collection together and has assembled a nice mix of country styles, from ballads to hootenanny-inspiring jammers, and all of the bands are from California. Each artist gets two songs, so there are only six different bands, but I prefer this to a wider selection. It was nice to get a more in-depth introduction to the bands I hadn't yet heard.

There are some familiar songs here: a twangy cover of Dylan's "The Man In Me", by The Court and Spark and Mike Stinson and Tony Gilkison sing the Mr Stinson penned "The Late Great Golden State", which was popularized by Dwight Yoakam. A nice surprise for me was "Nashville Handshake" by The Barren Foothill Breakdown. It's a barn burning, backyard bar-b-que, bluegrassy party. Man, it's lovely to know that music like this is being made in Los Angeles, and I'm thankful that we have Toe-Tappin' Music to bring it to us. If you want a copy I think it's like \$10. Email Nick, and I'm sure he'll help you out: toetapmusic@yahoo.com

—Bundeaux

Pigeon John
Is Dating Your Sister
Basement Records



I'd say that Pigeon John is the second or third most handsome MC in the LA rap game, behind Aceyalone and maybe Murs, but those guys are wack now, cause John is my new crush. His latest album, *Pigeon John Is Dating Your Sister*, is out on Basement Records, and it's all about girls. His rapping style is unique, he half sings many of his lines and on "What is Love?" he doesn't really rap at all. That song, one of the strongest on the record, is produced by Matt Mahaffey of the band Self. John makes an endearing confession about his proclivity for running around with women, and his honesty is irresistible. Mahaffey does the beats for all of the most romantic songs, and I like to pretend that John raps those directly to me. The album is good soundtrack for a spring picnic. The beats are mostly warm and bouncy, the lyrics are playful and sing-a-long inducing. You and your man can lay in the sun, sing a few lines, kiss and eat turkey sandwiches while listening to this one. Hopefully you are reading this, Johnny, I'll pack the picnic.

—Gibbler

Concert Review

Mates of State

The Troubadour, February 12, 2004



Photo by Ross Harmon, courtesy of matesofstate.com.

The last two years of husband and wife indie rock have been dominated by the White Stripes, and the controversy surrounding their former marriage. But all the while there has been another indie rock team who has actually managed to uphold the sanctity of their nuptials. Mates of State are the moniker for husband and wife duo Kori Gardner and Jason Hammel. (Don't let the last names fool you, unlike The White Stripes, these cats are still hitched.) Their music is a spastic carnival of catchy pop melodies and interweaving harmonies. The duo creates a surprising amount of sound for only two people. Kori plays vintage keyboards and Jason plays the drums, but what really stands out in their music are the dueling vocals. Each partner belts out lyrics that can change from a lullaby to an anthem at any point. Originally from the Midwest, these ex-pats now call San Francisco home base. Over the past few years they have maintained a constant touring schedule breaking only from time to time to record their albums. They have previously released a handful of EP's and two full lengths, *My Solo Project* and *Our Constant Concern*. They are currently touring in support of their latest effort, the adorably titled *Team Boo*.

When I heard MOS were in town for the night, I ventured over to The Troubadour with the sole purpose of getting my happy on. Approaching this show no differently than any other show at The Troub, I arrived late and planted myself on a stool at the front room bar. After absorbing a whiff of the opening act in the next room I opted instead for some refreshment. In honor of our featured performers I ordered up a pint of

Get thee anon to the ale house, we've carousal
to befortune! We shall roister in merriment.



by Keith Orinth

San Francisco's finest, Anchor Steam beer. Denied! They didn't have any. Hoping this wouldn't be the first in a series of attacks on my mellow, I settled on a Sierra Nevada and a distasteful sneer from the front room barback. Determined to get over this little set back I looked around the room to consider the night's audience. Typical of other MOS shows that I have attended, the crowd consisted mainly of couples in their mid-twenties wearing corduroy pants and irony laden T-shirts. Having been to a few MOS shows before, I knew it would be no place to meet an unaccompanied woman. And besides, I only had eyes on one woman this evening, my beloved Kori.

I must confess, for the past couple years I have had a love-hate relationship with the Mates. I love Kori and I hate her Husband. Listening to their music day in and day out, I have developed quite a little crush on the adorable blonde organ grinder. I'm convinced that behind those endearing suburban cheerleader good looks is one complex kitty. But, like most guys, I don't like my rocker chicks married. Marriage not only spoils the fantasy but can really wreak havoc on the music. (I'm looking at you Liz Phair)

Okay, so I lost focus. Sorry. Anyway, when the Mates took the stage I moved out toward the front and found a nice spot with an unadulterated view. I was slightly disappointed that they weren't sporting *Team Boo* jerseys for this tour, but nonetheless, Kori was looking fabulous. Without hesitation they launched into several songs that I think came from their new album. See the thing about MOS is that a lot of their songs sound the same, but not in a bad way, in a good, Superchunk kinda way. Often beginning with a subtle baroque keyboard lead and developing into darker bass-heavy melodies over which the harmonies fly. Song after song it became obvious why their live performances have garnered so much attention in the past couple years. With the recording studio polish stripped away, the deep tones of the vintage organ combine with the drums for a truly unique sound. The dynamic duo is truly capable of creating more sound than most bands with twice the personnel.

Even more than most bands, I realized MOS is a band that needs to be witnessed. Listening to their albums it has always been hard to figure out what is really going on between these two lovebirds. But in a live setting, the dynamic is fascinating. Throughout the night, as I gazed at Kori, full of impure thoughts, I could feel Jason's eyes upon me, invoking the code of men. Too drunk to interpret the lyrics, I could only imagine what was really going on in his jealous mind. As the vocals flew back and forth, they traded looks with each other that varied from admiration to total disdain. Were they declaring their everlasting love for each other? Were they evoking the memories of their Cusackian Courtship? Or maybe exposing the festering wounds of past adultery. Of all the scenarios I pondered that evening, I would like to hope it was the last. But more likely than not, somebody probably just forgot to take the trash out before they left the apartment that morning.

3poordesigners.com

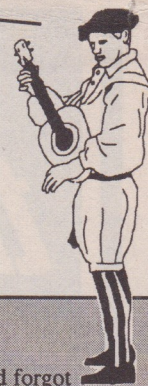


The only chance you'll ever have
for an Italian sports car

3POOR
DESIGNERS

3POOR
DESIGNERS

Thou shalt rue this hour within the hour. Let's call it ten minutes-I'll meet you over there. I feel a fiery motherfucker of a soliloquy busting up out the gut. I'ma get mad at my dad fo a sec.



The World's Greatest Party Band Accidentally Gets Philosophical Again

by The Bookhouse Boys

The Bookhouse Boys are a rock band from Eastern Oregon that seem to have cornered roaring madness. There about two months through a road tour that's supposed to last for a year. They're picking up dates as they go along and send their apologies for sending a manuscript that isn't distinctly liquor scented.

We are on this tour to return America to its spirited splendor of a few short decades passed. I've had a hard time bellying up to it, but fuck if I haven't finally come to terms. It's a sad and sappy statement (and it comes years too late), but we've lost our innocence. America is too controlled lately. I'm not talking the Donald Rumsfeld-style governmental control of media outlets and vocal freedoms. Sure, that shit's scary, too—even more so—but I'm talking "control" in the sense of the templated organization of social ends and individual goals. Until we can see outside our supposed preordination and intended future social placement, we will never be able to escape the exceedingly quickly spiraling loss off individual thought in our country.

I think it's Katie Couric's fault or *Maxim Magazine*. Maybe Michael Bay and James Cameron. The cast of *Full House* (minus Stephanie)? Our futures have become plotted like some hackneyed film script. We're already certain of what's to come and can only muster a bit of sardonic commentary on our poor acting and boring travails.

I had my head in books as a child, dreaming of the undying and immeasurable freedom of American adult life. A life full of uncalculated movement, a lust for the new—quick cash schemes and moundic expanses of breast, begging to be sweated out of that thin, woven barrier (meant only to hold their coyness temporarily), until they could be properly licked and nuzzled.

As I came into adulthood, I expected to find John Steinbeck's world of piss and struggle and wild, drunken triumph, but awoke to find myself in the Tom Clancy/John Grisham world of...what?...lawyers and airplanes? C'mon guys, I'm not nine. You're going to have to do a bit more to impress me.

I don't know who decided that these boring K holes were *important*, but I'm guessing it's the same motherfuckers that put the "Contemporary" in R&B. The Bookhouse Boys would like to suggest that you put on some Loretta Lynn and Sammi Smith records, tell your bastard boyfriend to fuck off and catch a ride up to Portland or Denver or wherever (or down from wherever and into the country wilds). Look around a bit. Make some decisions.

We're sad that the popular culture sucks. Aside from the mid-Seventies, it probably always has. There's definite dissent out there now, but it's mostly politically driven. And these goddam present-day politics are hardly discussed vocally (at least not person to person—on the street, as it were), so it's not a cultural change at all, at least not until the reigning government actually changes.

Fuck you, hipsters. You're cute, but goddammit, I think you're holding us back, making us afraid to commit to anything that can't be shrugged off when the new asymmetrical dress cut forces us to reconsider our general stance on human interaction. Fickle. We're fickle. We change our opinions as quickly as that flying smiley face changes the Wal-Mart sale placards. Then we remember, "Ah jeez, we're not even supposed to be shopping at Wal-Mart."

Well, you'll be happy to know that The Bookhouse Boys have our minds steadied. We're gunning for cohesion. That's why we've started our tour in Wisconsin (the Cactus Club in Milwaukee), the Midwest—where America first began this wild, sprawling adventure and before it got fucked up. We're loading up the tail gun and firing heaps of dick and pussy your way. Remember when all you wanted to do was makeout in a rainstorm?

Whoops...Partying

We got all carried away and forgot that this column of ours was supposed to be about partying and pulling pranks. Here's a wrap up (mostly from our drive out to Milwaukee. We played a party in Bozeman, MT and a couple in Boulder, CO on the way).

Carl: He brought along some snow pants and was really excited to use them, but the only time we saw snow (and he remembered that he'd brought them) was on the highway in Nebraska, and Neila wouldn't stop the van for him to get out and roll around.

France: At a party we played in Boulder, France tried to drink a bottle of beer while he played the guitar (Alex Van Halen-style, but not on drums). He picked it up off his amp with his teeth and leaned back to drink it, but it was some kind of homebrew in a really thin bottle, so he bit the top off and the rest shattered on his chest. He spit the broken top into the audience and bled only slightly. When he recalls this story, he likes to explain the look on the dude's face that was standing in front of him. "It was pure shock," he says.

Joe: A friend of ours teaches creative writing at Montana State in Bozeman. We sat in on one of his classes, and Joe wore his "Who Farted?" t-shirt. He was giggling through the entire class because he thought it was the ultimate dis on our friend.

Neila: She went out to a VFW in some town outside Milwaukee after the rest of us had gone to sleep at the Super 8. She came back at like 6 a.m. with a new biker buddy that made us all get up and drink his whisky. Turns out he had been a roadie for Sly and the Family Stone in the early 70's. He had a tattoo on his arm: "Stand" written around the outside of the Liberty Bell with a white man (himself) and a black man (presumably Sly) standing on top embracing. He played an acoustic version of "Dance to the Music", which doesn't seem like it would work. But we all love that song and know it super well, so we were able to sing the parts that required extra instrumentation.

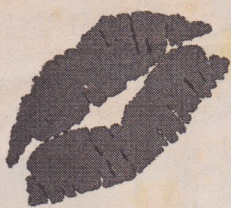
We sound boring, but our shows in Wisconsin kicked ass. We'll talk about partying only next time and hopefully have some photos.



the ella music group

sci-fi dreams end here ep

www.ellamusicgroup.com ellamusicgroup@msn.com



Tyra Mail



Jay Manuel, Shiny Brown Elvis

A night on the town when living art (you girls) mingle with art that some claim was once living and some not.

*It's an art opening, girls!**

Tonight Janice Dickinson (pretend like you don't know who she is, it'll kill her! Hah!) will be opening her show, "Nine Favorite Fetuses."



*This is a couture party. All you men's mag and catalogue bitches can stay home and wash Jay's Miata (unless you got Lupus, then you can rest).



Subscribe to Fran Magazine.

One year (6 issues).....\$12

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please send check or money order made out to:

Fran Magazine

511 North Kenmore Avenue, Suite #103

Los Angeles, California 90004

We gotta lotta love to give

Emotions



happy



sad



angry



excited



afraid



shy



guilty



tired



jealous



loved



hopeful



bored



proud



sorry



embarrassed



surprised